DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Whittier on Longfellow.

With a glory of Winter sunshine
Over the locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion,
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing songs to him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime—

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness,
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe, he listened
To the voices, sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls God's children home.

And to him, in a holier welcome
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

STORY TELLER.

THE FAIRFIELD POET.

Tragedy, which is never far from the most prosperous lives, continually trod upon the tenderest-hearted woman in Fairfield. She hated Fairfield as a background to her existence, but there had fate nailed her for life. It was the forlornest of Indiana railroad stations, looking like an ugly scar on the face of a beautiful wooded country, peopled by the descendants of poor white Carolinians and Tennesseeans. The male portion of the community sat on the railroad platform in yellow jeans, sprawling their naked toes to the sun, whittling, and jetting like true tobacco fountains upon the meerschaum-colored boards. The women might have lived lives of primitive simplicity, dignified by child-bearing and neighborly sympathy with each other; but they stained their human kindness with slander. And this one among them all felt the progress of the age tearing her heart-strings out while her circumstances kept her at a stand-still. I do not say her life would have been more symmetrical or her experience richer if she had lived in the whirl. She was a plain, ground-loving woman, who enjoyed the companionship of her fruit trees and flowers, and worked with her hands. Indeed, crowds annoyed her, and she was undecided what toilettes ought to be made for a large public. The striped silk dresses of her prosperous days, the fringed crape shawls and gimp-edged mantillas, agreed ill with bonnets of the passing season, and she had more respect for what was rich and old than for all your new inventions. But she was fiercely ambitious for her children, especially her eldest son, and for him in spite of his misfortune. The younger boy and girl were still leaping like colts upon their few remaining acres, sound in limb and wind, with the hopes of a future sheathed in their healthy present, when Willie was tall as a man, and far up in his teens.

His mother had a picture of him taken when he was going to school in Cincinnati under his uncle's care. At that time his auburn curls were unshorn, and he was beautiful.

A few days before cottons took their terrific rise during the war, Mr. Harbison had stocked in thousands of yards. Those were Fairfield's best days, and he kept a general store, making money so rapidly that the lazy people around him felt helplessly injured. He began his fine brick house building on a generous and artistic plan, at the edge of Fairfield, where he could surround himself with fruit trees, and fields for his cattle. Whether it is a more distinct misery to build the temple of your home and see some one else inhabit it, or to shelter yourself for years in a house you have not the power of finishing, the latter fate was reserved for the Harbisons. With a crash they came down from what had been Fairfield's opulence nearly to a level with Fairfield's poverty. They kept the house and grounds and a meadow, but under such weight of mortgages that it was compartively no grief at all to see the ornamental cornices lying around the partly plastered parlors, balustrades and newel-post standing on end beside the skeleton stairway, and to find the bath-room useless except as a rubbish closet. The man who had employed half of Fairfield was now obliged to become himself an employe, and the general verdict of the world against those who fail was emphasized by communistic envy.

But the habit of being a woman of consideration is not easily forgotten. Mrs. Harbison still made the village respect her. She had something to give to the poorest. She was the wife of a man who had made a fortune before he lost it, and sat in the Senate. More than all, she had their children, the eldest of them a continual surprise to her. He seemed born to stir her pride and tenderness to their depths. He was tall, fair, and Roman-featured, shy as a girl toward every every one but his mother, and so ravenous in mind that he was partly through college when his father's reverses brought him home.

Then he was seized with a spotted fever, and approached the next world so close that he left part of his faculties there, and was never the same Willie he had been before. He could hear nothing, and seldom spoke an audible word—Mrs. Harbison's boy, who was made to take the world by storm—and what had been the shyness of a country-bred youth became the set-apart seclusion of a hoofed and goat-eared faun. Willie Harbison was to be seen whirring as noiseless as a bat upon his bicycle across the open ground at dusk. He was met coming from the woods, silent as an Indian, and his eyes were on everything in earth or sky except the human beings just before him.

Whatever were the faults of Fairfield, it loved and respected Willie Harbison, and humored his self-withdrawal. And he loved Fairfield with a partiality which saw mere picturesqueness in the row of whittling men, and various forms of motherhood or sisterhood in the women. He would dismount from his wheel to let the boys tilt with it at the old warehouse. He loved the woods; he loved Wildcat and Kitten creeks, which ploughed rock-bedded channels through the woods; and what joy in life he fished out of those waters only Willie himself knew. He loved to watch from the mill on a clear morning that plume of steam the south-bound train sent around the curve, to watch another plume roll over the first, and finally to see the train stand suddenly on the summit of the grade, sharp-cut against the sky. All common life was pleasant to him. Who but his mother could be witness that a double nature dwelt under his floury mill clothes?

Willie worked in the mill with his father, where the roar of grinding and bolting and the whirr of belts made silent liveliness around him. This had been bitterness to his mother—her Willie should work with his head alone; but she accepted it as the result of his physical misfortune.

The parlors were Willie's workshop, in which he sawed, hammered, and glued, or put noiseless inventions together. A carpenter's bench was set before two uncased windows, and his father's old store desk had fell to his unmercantile use. Its lock was never opened unless Willie had something which he could force himself to show to his mother. That ripe instant arriving, he sought her in her kitchen, her garden, or at her spinning-wheel upstairs, and seized her by the hand. She went with him to the parlors, they fastened the doors, Willie undid his desk, and placed his paper in her fingers. The paper itself was sometimes brown, sometimes the blue caps left from the store, sometimes gilt-edged note having pencilled landscapes along the margins, or the flowers he rhymed of done in water-colors; for his hand was as skillful as his eye was discerning. The poems were usually short, and sensitive in rhyme and rhythm. Willie's themes were the common sights and the common pathos or humor of the situations in which he found the people around him: his interpretation of the flicker's feelings; his delight in certain thick fleeces of grass; the panorama of sky and field as it marched across his eye; the grotesque though heartily human family party made by old man Parson and his wife, where half of their descendants, unable to get into the small house, sat on the fence while the rest ate dinner. Willie was deaf, but he had inward music. Every smooth and liquid stanza was like wine to his mother. She compared his poems to Burns', and could not find the "Mountain Daisy" a whit better than her poet's song about the woods in frost.

Even Mr. Harbison thought well of Willie's performances. They were smuggled to him by the mother, and carefully returned to their place when the poet was out of the house. Mr. Harbison knew all that was going on in the world. A dozen times a year he left the grinding of the mill to meet his old chums at the capital, or to quicken the action of his blood in Chicago. A couple of stimulating days tinctured and made endurable his month of mill work. A man of luxurious tastes can not lose his tastes with his means. He was a judge of poets, and said Willie might as well take to poetry as to anything, for business did not pay a man of sound faculties in these days.

The hum of bees could be heard all around this unfinished brick house growing mossy at the gables, and its shadow was long on the afternoon sunshine. It was that alert and happy time of year when the earth's sap starts new from winter distillation.

You could hear the voices of children calling in play as they loitered home from school; the days were so long that the cows would not come up the pasture until nearly seven o'clock.

Willie trudged across lots to supper. Mrs. Harbison met him at the north side of the house, having her garden knife and rake in her hands. She put them on the stepless front-door sill, which had never been and never would be passed by the foot of an arriving guest. This stone sill was high enough for a seat, and she sat down, tilting her sun-bonnet back, and smiling at Willie. He was floured from head to foot. Little of his boyish beauty except its clear innocence remained to him. His nose was large for his head, and on his head the auburn curls were shorn to a thin crisping layer.

His young sister was putting supper on the table in the dining room, his brother was fisting with another boy on the railroad, and up the cow lane came his father with the slow step and somewhat of the ponderous white presence of the walking statue in *Don Giovanni*.

But, closest knit of all this family, mother and son talked together in silence, some birds in the mulberry-tree over their heads making the only calling and replying that could be heard. Before Willie reached her, he held up his hands and signed in the deaf-mute language,

"The preacher has come back."

Mrs. Harbison raised her hands and darted her fingers into various shapes, saying thereby, "Did you see him?"

"No," Willie replied, as swiftly; "I only saw his coffin in the wagon, and Nancy Ellen sitting beside it. She had to bring him the whole twenty miles from where he died, in a wagon."

"Because it wasn't on a railroad?" Willie nodded.

His mother wove on: "Poor Nancy Ellen! Her father wouldn't let her have the preacher for so long, and turned her off when she did marry him. Now she's a widow in her honeymoon, and old man Martin saying he told her a preacher as old as himself wasn't any match for him. Did you see her father? How did he act?"

"He got into the wagon by the driver," said Willie's fingers.

"Well, that was something for him."

"And they drove to his place."

"I suppose he'll let her come back and live home now."

"I wish you had seen Nancy Ellen."

"I am going to see her after the milking is done."

"Seen her by the preacher," insisted Willie's passes. "She looked like a captive coming in chains to Rome."

"Yes, I'll be bound she did. Every jolt of that twenty miles is stamped in her mind."

"I wish," flashed Willie, "I knew what the preacher sung to himself all along the road."

"What a notion! You'll have to fix it up in poetry now, won't you?"

Willie shook his head many times and reddened. "You said the preacher used to sing home from meeting in the dark."

"Yes, he did," affirmed Mrs. Harbison. "And Nancy Ellen used to listen for him to go by their place."

Their talk paused, and Willie looked up at the birds in the mulberry.

Having afterward caught his mother's eye, he wove out slowly,

"When in the tree above his head
The sap is darting through the bark,
She will [illegible]
And hear him singing in the dark."

"Oh, Willie, is that the first verse or the last? Have you written it down?"

Willie smiled shyly, putting his head down toward one shoulder, without making any reply. His mother urged, with eager fingers:

"Print it in some place when you get it done. Nancy Ellen would be pleased."

"I am not an obituary poet," waved Willie.

"But that's so good." Mrs. Harbison moved her lips, repeating it to herself. "And ain't you ever going to publish anything you write? I've heard of people getting money for it."

Willie uttered a gentle sneer. He laughed at his mother in a way that always made her laugh with him.

"But if you would let your father fix up your writings," she continued, repeating an old plea, "and send them to some publishing house, I know they would put them in a book for you."

The gate, weighted by a stone, slammed to behind his father coming to the evening meal. But before his mother rose, Willie found time to make dance before her eyes the characters indicating this promise:

"Some day I'll get on my bicycle and ride and ride until I come to a publisher. If you miss me, you'll know where I've gone. You can just say to yourself, 'He's off having his poems published.' Wait till then, mother; that will be soon enough."

"You'll never do it," said his mother, having no idea how near the time was.

She gave her family their supper and helped to milk the cows. The cows were fragrant of pasture grass and of fern along the fence corners. She thought of Willie's stanza when the milk first sang in the pail, and kept repeating it until the rising froth drowned all sounds of the lashing streams quite at her pail's brim.

When the house was tidy and full of twilight stillness, Mrs. Harbison put on a clean apron and took her sun-bonnet to make her call of condolence. It was likely they would want watchers at Martin's, and she was ready to do anything. She had helped bear the burden of life and death so long in Fairfield that illness, a new baby, or the mysterious breathless presence in any house was a peremptory invitation to her.

The boys were playing hide-and-seek around the warehouse, and as she crossed the open lot she saw the usual line of wise men sitting on the edge of the platform with their legs across the rail, as if they had all agreed to make an offering of their feet to the Juggernaut of the next passing train.

Willie darted like a bat or a night bird on his bicycle far up and far down the smooth wagon road. Now he took a turn, and came spinning among the boys, scattering them before him, and escaping as often as they chased him. In one of these excursions he crossed his mother's way. The lamps were just lighted in the station, and they poured full over his laughing face. Besides, the last red streaks and high sunset lights were not gone out of the sky, and these would have given her more than the silhouette of Willie. She lifted up her hands and spelled, "Are you starting out to hunt a publisher now?"

And Willie laughed and nodded, and made her a sign of good-by.

The pleasant stillness of the evening fell around her like a blessing as she went on. Fire-flies were filling one field, as if a conflagration under that particular ground sent up endless streams of sparks. She smelled the budding elders, and was reminded of tile-like bits in her past, fitted oddly together.

Martin lived but a few steps beyond the village. She had been talking a mere moment with Nancy Ellen, and had not yet entered the room where the preacher lay when some other neighbor came in with excitement, and said aloud, over the whispered talk of the mourning house, that something was wrong down at the depot.

"That express has run into something again," proclaimed the neighbor, "and looks, by the way folks run, as if it wasn't a cow this time. Enough cows and pigs has been killed by that railroad."

"I haven't seen the express," said Mrs. Harbison, feeling her head full of wheels. "It was all quiet when I was there a minute ago."

"The express has stopped. Good reason! There's something on the track, I tell ye," said the neighbor.

Willie's mother was sure it could not be Willie. He was conscious of his infirmity, and so cautious that she had long ceased to be anxious about him. He knew the times of all the trains with nice exactness, also. Yet she started from the house without speaking another word, and ran until she reached the crowd.

The engine stood hissing: it confronted her with the glare of its eye, a horrid and remorseless fate, ready to go its way with bell-clanging and all cheerful noise, no matter who had been ground under its wheels.

The conductor was just stepping on board, for time and orders wait for nothing. The engineer had already climbed back to his cab; he saw a running woman kneel down on the platform and draw the boy from the boards to rest in her arms. Having seen that much, the engineer turned away his head and wept out loud; and the train moved on, bearing pale faces that looked backward as long as they could discern anything.

Mrs. Harbison had stumbled over Willie's bent wheel first. When she found him indeed laid in the midst of the crowd, she did not believe it. He was not mangled. His bones were sound—she felt them with a fiercely quick hand. There was no mark about him excepting a dirty-looking spot on one temple.

"Willie," she said, shaking him. "Willie! Willie!"

"We'll have to carry him home," said her husband at her side, his voice sounding far off as if it came strained through some dense medium.

She looked up, and could not understand it.

"He's knocked senseless," she exclaimed. "Why doesn't somebody bring water?"

"He never knowed what hurt him," cautiously said one villager to another. "The train was goin' so fast, and he come up from among the houses onto it so fast, that it was done in a flash."

"And I don't never want to see no better boy than Willie Harbison was," responded the other.

But only his mother—when she had him at home lying in that pomp of death with which we all shall impress beholders—could have pronounced the true oration over him. Through her dumb tragedy she wanted to make deaf-mute signs to some intelligence that here lay one of Nature's poets, with a gift virgin and untarnished.

He had nevev hunted a public. His public was the woods and sky, and his critic one fond woman. Not a line of unsatisfied ambition marked his placid face. He had lived a humble, happy life, and for the sake of expression, not for the sake of praise. He had, after all, only gone to find the best publisher, and his mother could always hear him "singing in the dark."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A PICTORIAL SERMON.

Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, preached at the chapel of St. John's Church last evening. He had a very attentive congregation, and was not interrupted by any whispered conversation, as often occurs to ministers, nor was there any complaint made that he could not be heard, although his sermon was inaudible through the entire church. He was a deaf-mute, as were also nearly all of his congregation, and his language was seen, and not heard. It seemed marvelous to one watching the varied movements of the hands of the speaker, that his motions could convey ideas. Yet the language used by him can express almost as fine ideas, and can become almost as eloquent and forcible, as any spoken tongue. Thoughts can be conveyed almost as rapidly by the mute language as word by mouth. The language is not in any way connected with the English tongue, but is a pictorial language, and represents ideas rather than words, so that the same system is used in every civilized country.

The subject chosen by Mr. Mann was "Thoughts on the Closing Year," from which text he drew pictures in the air for an hour.

Mr. Mann was formerly a teacher in the Flint Asylum, but has been for several years past engaged in missionary work in all the large cities between the Allenghanies and the Missouri.—*Detroit Free Press, Dec.* 29

Angry parent: "My daughter is only twenty, and she has married a man three times as old as herself." Consoling friend: "Well, hang it all she couldn't marry one twice as young as herhself"

FANWOOD.

The Coming Pantomimic Entertainment.

BARBER M. MCMICKLE RESIGNS.

Supervisor Thimme's Adventure.

(*From our New York Correspondent.*)

The youthful and enterprising members of the Peet Literary Society are actively engaged in preparing for their forthcoming pantomimic entertainment, which they have announced to come off on the 12th of February. The name of the play will be "The Enchanted Barrel," the same play that was so successfully enacted by the pupils of the Institution not many years ago. This one, though but a repetition of the other, will, we trust, be a brilliant success, and we think it would be well for the old graduates who made their debut on the stage in their day to be present and see it reproduced. Several other interesting things will be included in the programme, which will be announced later. Prof. W. G. Jones, who is well known for his humorous sign-making, and who has already made himself famous on the stage in the deaf-mute world as a clown, will take a prominent part in the play. The proceeds will be divided equally into two parts,—viz, one-half to go to the Peet Bust Fund, and the other half to the purchase of a new boat. The other boat is pretty well used up, having been carefully nursed through several generations of High Class boys.

Last Tuesday evening, six lovely little girls of Miss Ida Monegomery's class signed hymns in concert at St. Ann's Church, at the Epiphany Service conducted by Dr. Gallaudet, assisted by Dr. Peet. Profs. Gamage and Jones also recited something in signs. The bad condition of the weather prevented many who desired to go from being present.

Ira W. Tyler, who had the end of his little finger nipped off in a wheel of the job press some months ago, had to receive a surgical operation on it to insure its speedy recovery. The end was amputated.

Miss Alice M. Noble, who was housekeeper for the year '82–'83 made her Institution friends a pleasant visit Thursday.

That the veteran of the Hudson, "Evangeline," will rock upon the briny deep again in the spring, is obvious from the fact that the High Class boys held a meeting in their office last Friday evening, after the regular society business meeting, and elected the following officers for the year '85: Captain, James Bird Lloyd; 1st Mate, Wm. F. Durian; 2d Mate, J. C. Miller, Secretary, U. G. Dunn; Treasurer, W. G. Shanks; Committee, John H. Geary, Chairman, J. C. Miller, W. G. Shanks. Messrs. Fosmire, Robinson and Houck were unanimously appointed to the responsibility of sponge boys whose duties are to keep the boat from going to the bottom under the weight of too much water.

The squad who have been on a trial drill under the training of Supervisor Thimme, gave an exhibition drill before the Board of Directors at their regular meeting Tuesday of last week. The directors were so pleased with the results that they heartily endorsed the purchasing of twelve pairs of Indian Clubs. Three or four more squads will be organized shortly.

Eddie Whalen, the successful personator of female dancing, has regretfully left his school books here, by the request of his parents; and increased the ranks of the army of employes in Macy's store on 14th Street.

We were terribly shocked with the information that M. McMickle, who for the past year deftly manipulated the razor and shears in the barber shop, has resigned. The hereculean form of Lawrence D. Strope will strop the razors hereafter.

Supervisor Thimme received a visit from his brother last Monday, who has been a cow boy in Chicago. He was recently called by the Germany officers to serve a three years' term in the German army.

Miss Frankie Hawkins and John H. Geary, both of the High Class, arrived Monday from their distant homes.

Mr. Sweeney was around, Monday, and related anecdotes about the Old 50th Street Institution.

Johnny Ingebrand's father is a baker. Johnny brought up nine large cakes one day and set the boys competing for them in running, jumping and hopping races. He was time-keeper and judge, and awarded the winners with the cakes.

School room No. 2 is receiving a new floor.

Miss Bella Fisher is going to visit Fanwood next summer, for the purpose of meeting her old classmates.

While some of the boys were skatting on a pond near the Institution Jerry Drumm fell through the ice. Several of the boys pulled him out. Jerry was paid 25 cents for keeping mum.

E. Thimme met with quite an adventure last Monday, when he was sent to capture a runaway pupil. The vagrant was found at his father's house, but to persuade him to return was almost beyond hope. While main force had to be used, he kicked his father, aunt and supervisor in the abandomen, smashed the furniture, and then ran up stairs, which was old and tottering, pulled the banister off and finally kicked the stairs down which unfortunately fell on his pursuers. It took twenty minutes to get him in the yard. The boy then ran into a dog kennel which had to be split in order to get him out. Five minutes more and the supervisor landed him nicely on the street. A burly policeman saw Mr. Thimme tugging at the kicking deaf-mute and collared him on charge of disturbing the peace, whereupon the supervisor pointed to his cap and made him understand he was an officer of the law also, causing the cop to release his hold.

Owing to the illness of Mme. Le Prince, Mr. Oglesby is filling her place for the time being.

AQUILA.

DEAF-MUTES.

(*From the Bridgeport, Ct., Standard*).

There are a large number of deaf-mutes in this city who are denied, save at long intervals, the privilege of attending church service which they can comprehend. Yesterday afternoon at St. Paul's church a service intended for these persons was conducted by Rev. John Chamberlain of New York, and a good-sized congregation assembled to hear him. Those who were present from curiosity, were doubtless gratified to observe the strict attention paid the speaker by men and women who are, to a certain extent, shut out from the busy world about them. It is commendable that our churches should at times open their doors to these people, and doubtless it would often be done if competent ministers could be obtained to conduct the services regularly. The Episcopal service seems to be most readily comprehended by deaf-mutes, at least the largest majority of them show a preference for that form of worship. They constitute a distinct social circle of themselves and have little to do with those about them except as they may be associated with companions in the workshop. As a rule they are industrious, honest, and good citizens. Their language is not limited, as many believe, to a few utterances slowly expressed by spelling at length their words upon their finger tips. They are, many of them, well educated, and while rapidly conveying their thoughts and desires, the most fluent speaker would find it difficult to keep pace with them. A whole sentence is usually imparted by a single motion. For instance, if one deaf-mute desires to tell another that he intends to visit New York to-morrow, he does so with two simple motions of the hand. A single motion may convey the information that the traveler intends to go by railroad, another would indicate that the steamboat was to be taken. The most expert short hand writer would find himself puzzled to follow a person speaking in the sign-language, for it would be impossible to record on paper the utterances of even a moderate deaf-mute speaker. Whenever a word used is out of the run of ordinary conversation, it is spelled at length upon the fingers, as are names of persons and cities to a great extent. All persons, however, whose names become familiar by association or general usage, are designated by arbitrary signs. Likewise prominent cities are given a character in the sign-language that becomes universal. Our school for deaf-mutes are doing an excellent work in teaching them to read a person's speech by watching the lips, but it will take a long time to obliterate the more general and extended sign-language which appears to be the same throughout this and other countries.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1885.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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THE January number of the "American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb," is a most interesting and scholarly contribution to deaf-mute literature. Besides various articles on the practical matters of the classroom, it contains the results of experimental tests made with the audiometer for the purpose of ascertaining the degrees of hearing in the cases of several hundred deaf-mutes, and the estimated percentage wherein the latent power of hearing is likely to prove of practical value as an aid to instruction; a most surprising account of aural development in several pupils of the New York Institution; obituaries of deceased instructors; an interesting plan for the collection of statistics concerning the deaf and dumb; important miscellaneous and institution items; and a complete tabular statement of all the schools for the deaf in the civilized world. The *Annals* is the only periodical of its kind in existence, and through its efforts and influence has already made America the centre of authority on all matters relating to the deaf and dumb. Europe, with its priceless collections of historical and scientific literature, has been eclipsed by America in the science of teaching the deaf and dumb. It seems strange that such should be the case, and the only way in which we can account for America's supremacy in this matter, is that the older countries are more disposed to look upon themselves as models, and disdain to combine the many and varied methods of instruction that time and ingenuity and experience has developed and improved.

PROFESSOR BELL'S theory concerning the evil results of deaf-mutes intermarrying, has, we understand, taken the shape of a "memoir" to Congress, praying that a law be framed to prohibit the marriage of congenital deaf-mutes one with another. The stand taken by our Washington correspondent in reference to this matter, is in every respect similar to our own. There can be no doubt that Congress is powerless to enact such a prohibitory marriage law, and that such a law, if passed, will be void of effect. It will interest Prof. Bell to know that, although no absolute proof of hereditary deafness caused by the deaf-mute intermarriages has ever been established, eminent teachers of the deaf have from time immemorial foreseen the *probable* effect, and have advised deaf-mutes to seek partners among those who can hear. Even the congenital deaf-mutes themselves are opposed to such intermarriages, and should an inquiry be instituted among them, we doubt not but 90 per cent would say that a born deaf-mute and a semi-mute might marry without fear of deaf-mute offspring, but two born deaf-mutes should not marry, because there is a *possibility* (not *probability*) that their children might inherit their affliction. Also, it would be a very hard matter to prove that any man or woman was born; deaf so that here would be another obstacle to the administration of such a law as Prof. Bell proposes to have established. As our Washington correspondent says, it would be better to teach all congenital deaf-mutes that their intermarriage is liable to repeat their affliction of deafness in their children. Between the law and a diseased or afflicted progeny, we think deaf-mutes would fear the latter most.

WE are always glad to get plenty of news about the deaf and dumb, but feel disappointed this week because we received more correspondence than we can publish. What has been omitted in the present issue will appear in our next. We wish our correspondents to bear in mind that Thursday is our day for *mailing*, and that the JOURNAL is *printed* on Wednesday, and, consequently when a great mass of correspondence reaches us on Tuesday afternoon, it is impossible to publish all without delaying the paper.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Dr. Gallaudet expects to lecture to the Troy Deaf-Mute Club, on Saturday evening, January 17th.

Mrs. Rhoda Barnard, of Cambridge, Mass., is at Brooklyn, N. Y., visiting her daugher for a few months.

John Dewester, of Manilla, Ind., was married to Catherine Diesch, of Bunkerhill, Ind., on December 31st.

Miss Jennie M. Campbell, of Columbus, O., is spending the winter in Houston, Tex., with her sister, Mrs. L. C. Noble.

Maria Cole, the wife of A. C. Cole, of Schenceus, N. Y., died about two weeks ago, after a protracted illness, aged 59 years.

Mike Toomey and Miss Emma Berger, were married on December 25th, 1884. Both were educated at the Indianapolis School.

Miss Minnie Miller, of the Rome School, spent Christmas with Mrs. Susan Lyon, at Averill Park, N. Y. Mrs. Lyon's daughter Flora, is visiting her cousins in Ames, N. Y.

Miss Ellen Downey and Mr. J. Lawlor, both of Randolph, Mass., were married on the 23d of December. They have our congratulations, and we wish them a long and happy life.

Miss Jane A. Romeyn, of Glenville, N. Y., arrived in Albany, N. Y., on Saturday, October 18th, from a very pleasant visit to her brother, Mr. Theodore F. Romeyn, and adjoining towns.

Alex Dezendorf would like his friend, Mr. Lucy, of Connecticut, to send his address to 455 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, as he will visit New England, probably the Worcester Levee, next February.

On the 5th of Jan., the Lake Lily Social Club, Buffalo N. Y., held a masquerade Ball at Harmonia Hall. Among them were Joe Gieland Jr., Jacob Stafflinger, Martin Khendosky, A. J. Murer, John Miller, Edw. Wallner, Louis Zeller, Harry Koch, E. Haid.

Miss Henrietta Bennett, daughter of Mr. Charles and Mrs. Julia Bennett, of Philadelphia, died from congestion of the brain on the 10th of December, 1884. She was 17 years of age. Our sympathies are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Bennett in their sad affliction.

An interesting feature occurred in the confirmation at Boonville, the presentation of a lady born deaf and dumb, who had also first been baptized. She had been for years at the Fulton Asylum, and had attended the services of the Rev. Mr. Mann, for deaf-mutes in St. Louis.—*The Church News.*

It was said that Mrs. Mary Zimmerman, of Steelton, and Mr. and Mrs. Runk, of Harrisburg, went to Maryland to pay a visit to their mother last week Wednesday, and staid there for one week. It is a pity that their mother cannot recover. She is sick with heart diease and deranged in her mind.

Sunday, January 4th, Rev. Mr. Mann officiated at Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, at three o'clock P.M. In the evening, he was at St. Stephen's Church, Wilkinsburg, six miles east, holding a combined service in company with the Rev. George Hodges. Next day he visited the Western Pennsylvania Institution, at Edgewood.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Swart, of Craneville, N. Y. invited their deaf-mute sister, Miss Jane Ann Romeyn, to spend New Year's day with their family. She had an enjoyable time, and an excellent dinner. Miss Romeyn was delightfully surprised to hear from her friend, Miss Charlotte Conklin, of New Jersey, last Christmas.

Mr. Jeremiah Moyer and his wife, spent a splendid time with his parents and relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, last Christmas. Jeremiah's brother Newton invited his wife to his house and took dinner with them on New Year's Day. They had a most enjoyable time, and like to live in Orinsburg, Pa., on account of its healthy location.

Miss Leedom, of Philadelphia, had the pleasure of visiting the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Chambersburg, Trenton, N. J., on New Year's day, where she was very nicely entertained by Misses Mary Springsteen and Victoria Hunter, who are members of the Institution. Miss Leedom was highly pleased with her visit, and with the arrangements of the Institution, and also with the ladies who so kindly escorted her over the beautiful home.

The brilliant ballet spectacle "Excelsior" entered upon the third and final week of its run at the Globe Theatre last night, when it was admired and applauded by a large audience. A large number of deaf-mutes were present, by invitation of the management, and evidently greatly enjoyed the performance. Their conversation in the sign language during the entr'acts was very animated, and fully as expressive as the pantomine upon the stage.—*Boston Herald, Jan. 6, 1885.*

Mr. Samuel Koffman, of Walden, N. Y., writes: "Since my return from New York, where I was recommended by Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, on calling on him at his hotel, to use the flexible hearing tube, find to the astonishment of my friends, that I am improving fast by its use. I have been asked who the inventor is. Can you, or any of your readers answer it? I recommend its use to those who are hard of hearing."

Among the ancient Greeks, deaf-mutes were looked upon as a disgrace to humanity, and under the barbarous laws of Lycurgus they were exposed to death. Nor was highly cultured Athens less cruel than Sparta toward these unfortunate creatures. Deaf-mute children were pitilessly sacrificed without a voice being heard in their behalf. Aristotle declared congenital deaf-mutes to be incapable of instruction, and this was the universal opinion of classical antiquity. The Romans treated the unfortunates with the same cruelty as the Greeks. As soon as a child was found to be deaf and dumb it was sacrificed to the Tiber. Only those escaped whom the waves washed back to the shore, or whom the natural love of their parents kept hidden from the eyes of the world.—*The Church Helper.*

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Professor Bell's "Memoir."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The following paragraph appeared in the *Daily Post*, of December 31st:

"Prof. Alexander Graham Bell has memorialized Congress on the subject of the danger of the formation of a deaf variety of the human race. He thinks that the system of educating deaf-mutes together results in intermarriages between them; that the offspring of these marriages are largely deaf-mutes; and that, unless preventive measures are taken, the number of these unfortunates will so multiply as to finally constitute a distinct variety of the race. He advises that deaf-mutes should, as far as possible, be educated with hearing people, so that their environments will lead them into associations with them, and tend to the cultivation of speech; also that legislation be had restricting in a measure the intermarriage of deaf-mutes."

Thinking the whole paragraph might be the baseless fabric of a reporter's dream, I said nothing about it in the last number of the Chronicle, but requested Prof. Bell, by letter, to state for the enlightenment of the JOURNAL readers, whether there was any, and if so, how much truth in it. The Professor replied in a very courteous note, in which he referred me to his recently published "Memoir," a copy of which he promised to send to the JOURNAL, and invited me to call to obtain his ideas on the subject. Unfortunately it has been impossible for me to accept this invitation, but a perusal of his "Memoir" shows that the paragraph published in the *Post*, was substantially correct. As regards the "Memoir" itself, the style is clear; the diagrams and data both instructive and interesting and in general it may be said that it is written in a philosophical spirit; but it is after the spirit of the Aristotelian rather than the Baconian philosophy. The whole tone of the book shows that Prof. Bell first adopted his theory, and then searched for facts to support that theory, and his unconcealed bias will greatly lessen any influence the work might otherwise have. There are several reasons why Prof. Bell should not have presented this "Memoir" to Congress. For one reason, Congress has no jurisdiction in the matter. Section 8, Article x, of the Constitution, enumerates the powers of Congress, and the absence of anything permitting the national legislature to regulate the marriage laws must be conceded by every one, and Article x., of the old amendments, says, "Powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." It will be seen from this that if a bill to regulate the marriage of deaf-mutes were passed, it would be unconstitutional. But if the matter did come under the jurisdiction of Congress, there are still important objections. Prof. Bell himself acknowledges that his data are incomplete. Why then does he not wait until the investigations being made by the Committee on statistics appointed by the fifth Conference of Principals are finished, and the results made known, and even if the facts *did* show a tendency to the formation of a deaf variety of the human race as a result of intermarriage would not the best preventive measure be to educate the mutes to a knowledge of the consequence of such intermarriage? Men are so constituted by nature that they shrink from a marriage that will entail disease on their offspring. This is as true of deaf-mutes as of hearing people, for, as Prof. Bell himself says, "Those whom we term deaf-mutes, have no other natural defect than that of deafness," and consequently it is no more necessary to call on the law to regulate the action of deaf-mutes in this respect than those of diseased hearing people, as consumptives, for instance.

The Professor advocates *"the retention of the normal environment during the period of education."* By this he means that deaf-mutes should receive instruction in the ordinary public schools of the country. My own experience has taught me that any *benefit* they might derive from associating with hearing children in a large public school during childhood, would be more than counterbalanced by the *injury*, both mental and moral, that they would be obliged to undergo. As Professor Teufelsdrockh has said, "Boys are mostly rude, and obey the the impulses of rude nature which bids the deer-herd fall upon the stricken hart, the duck flock put to death the broken-winged brother or sister, and on all hands the strong tyrannize over the weak." The lot of a deaf child among these rude boys would be miserable in the extreme.

The subject has been extensively discussed by the students since the appearance of the paragraph that heads this letter, and their remarks have been, to say the least, not complimentary to the Professor, and the tone of several letters from deaf-mutes that have appeared in the daily papers, has been very censurous. There is, however, no necessity for the deaf-mute world to be frightened out of its four senses by this "Memoir," as it can do very little harm, and may possibly do much good by directing public attention to the education of our class.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Daily recitations were resumed on Tuesday, by which time most of the students and professors had returned from their various vacation jaunts. All hands are refreshed by two weeks rest, and have plunged into the work of the term with a zest that may be owing in part to New Year's resolutions of amendment and diligence.

The annual report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1884, is unusually interesting. It contains, besides the usual statement of the finincial condition of the Institution, an interesting account of President Gallaudet's trip through the south and the west, a *resume* of the various public discussions of deaf-mute education, and an account of the exercises of Presentation Day, including reports of the speeches of Drs. Gilman and Gillett taken from "Harry Fielding's" letter to the JOURNAL.

The students appeared in full uniform at the Gymnasium drill, on Thursday. As now completed the uniform consists of blue knee pants, tight fitting [illegible] stockings, and white slippers and belt. It is a great improvement on last year's baggy suit. Captain Hasenstab has been presented with a buff silken sash, and Adams, the leader of the Indian Club drill, has had a pair of crossed clubs embroidered on his jersey, as a distinguishing mark. He has lately written and posted up which might be called a club swinging primer, which will be a great aid to those who find it difficult to remember the complicated movements of the drill. President Gates of Rutgers College, visited the gymnasium in company with President Gallaudet on Friday, and made a short speech after the drill.

Rev. H. W. Syle held services for deaf-mutes in the Sabbath School room of Ascension Church at 11:15 A.M., yesterday. The paragraph in the last issue, which stated that he had preached on the preceding Sunday was based on a misunderstanding of a notice which appeared in one of the daily papers.

The Literary Society has elected the following Board of Officers for the term: President, N. F. Morrow, '85; Vice-President, A. Berg, '86; Secretary, O. Hanson, '86; Treasurer, J. Cloud, '86; Librarian, H. Van Allen, '89; and Critic, S. G. Davidson, 85.

The rights to the papers and periodicals in the reading room were sold at an auction on Friday and netted a good round sum, several of the magazines and weeklies selling for more than their original cost. The management reports a large surplus in the treasury, and there is talk of spending part of it for pictures and other decorations for the room.

Dr. Gallaudet was obliged by other engagements to postpone the lecture he had promised us for Friday, the 16th inst. His subject will be "Monopolies."

Prof. Chickering lectured on "The Weather" in Baltimore, last Monday.

Speaker Carlisle has appointed Representatives Tucker, of Virginia and Ryan, of Kansas, directors of the College.

Miss Hazlitt, of Washington, Pa., is visiting at Prof. Chickering's.

President Gallaudet's class is so large that he is obliged to take a count every morning to see that none are "cutting" recitation.

Morrow tried to mash a young lady, who was passing along College Row, the other day, and nearly mashed his bicycle.

Gaston's chum brought him a piece of cake all the way from Boston. It tasted Os (o) good.

Jan. 12, '85. GASTON.

READING, PA.

1884 is numbered with the bygone years. To sum up all the events would take up too much time and space, we can only say that it was an unusually prosperous one to the average deaf-mutes. Our sincere wish is that 1885 will bring them a ten-fold amount of prosperity.

On the evening of the 31st ult., there was a small but very pleasant social gathering at the residence of Mr. Botzum. Various familiar games were played, to the thorough enjoyment of all. Dancing was then indulged in until a late hour. During an interval, refreshments, consisting of fancy cakes and wine, were served. The palatable cakes reflect much credit on the culinary talents of Mrs. Botzum, an example worthyof imitation by all marriageable young ladies.

The roller-skating rinks, of which there are two, are immensely popular. The mutes are beginning to appreciate the benefits and enjoyments derived from this popular pastime, and frequently patronize them. Their numerous attractions, the Skating Carnival, the Leap Year Party and exhibitions of fancy skating during the holidays doubtless kept many from going to the Bal-Masque of the Clerc Literary Association in Philadelphia.

Mr. W. Brookmire, '85, of the National Deaf-Mute College, found it imperative to spend the holidays in Reading. A certain lady made it so.

Mr. John Shappell, who went to Shoemakersville to spend the holidays, has not yet returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder have again removed from Joliet, Ill., to Reading, their former home. Mr. Snyder says the foundries in Joliet shut down too frequently, and that he could find steadier employment here.

Before Christmas it was noticed that the five cent store received a generous share of patronage from the deaf-mutes. There were the stockings of little brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, etc., to be filled with toys.

The long silence of "I. P. M. O. Canoe" seems to confirm the rumor that he was lost in the Arctic regions. Better send a relief expediton.

The superintendent of the Deaf-Mute Institute at Belleville, has proved that Prof. Bell is far from correct in his statement that a large percentage of the deaf-mutes are born to deaf-mute parents, as far as Toronto is concerned. He further states that not a single case has come to his knowledge, though a large number of mutes in the province were intermarried.

What has become of "Humpty Dumpty?" Ditto "Humpty's Brother."

Miss Louisa Shappell, of Shoemakerville, is working at cigar making.

Mr. David Rosenbaum has obtained a good situation as tailor at Sinking Spring, six miles from Reading.

Mr. Samuel Shultz thinks of leaving for Florida, in the near future, to go into business with his brother.

Miss Ada Smith promises to become an accomplished roller skater.

Mr. Clem Parlaman is working at his old trade, as nail-keg cooper.

Mr. H. W. Hagy will soon enter evening session of the Reading Business College.

More anon.

LIBERTY.

READING, PA., 1–10 '85.

Baltimore.

Messrs. Knoechel, McElroy and Underwood, all members of the club, made a very pleasant New Year call on Miss Pauline Strahle, of New York City, who has been stopping with her married sister in this city on Paca St., since September last, and were received with a luxurious hospitality. She expects to leave for her home on the 22d of February. According to her statement, she said she never had before been received with such kind hospitality as from the Baltimore boys. They always look very happy, and full of mirth, she added. We feel proud of such a high compliment.

Mr. Albert P. Buxton, of Laurel, Md., on the Washington branch of the Ballimore and Ohio railroad, but formerly of this city, put in appearance at church Sunday last. He has been stopping with his friend "Captain" John Smith, as the Baltimore boys term him, and his other relatives, since New Year's. He left the city on that Sunday for his home, after having a very pleasant stay among his old acquaintances. Hope he may have the pleasure of coming more often in the future.

Mr. Chas. Bowdle, of Queen Anne county, a graduate of the Maryland Institution, working at a farm-hand and harnessmaker, was also seen among his old acquaintances in chapel Sunday last. He looks to be very much improved in health and getting along finely.

Mr. and Mrs. Amoss' little boy was seen by the Secretary at their residence. He looks very stout, and has rosy cheeks. He is growing very fast, and a sweet little fellow he is.

On Wednesday morning, a card was received by Mr. McElroy, the President of our club, from Mr. Wells, suggesting that the members would welcome Rev. Mr. Syle, of Philadelphia, to our club next Wednesday night. It was made known, and last Wednesday being a social, we transferred it to a business meeting, thus it was resolved to extend our invitation to him and welcome him in the best way we could. Will give particulars, in my next letter, of what happened while he was here.

On Thursday, January 7th, while the Secretary was on his way down to the office, he jumped in car No. 55 of the white line, which runs from Druid Hill Park to Locust Point Ferry, a distance of about 4 or 5 miles. While the conductor was collecting the fares, my brother, sitting near me, handed him a greenback. Seeing he had no change, he asked me, but my brother touched me and asked if I could change it, spelling with his fingers, to which I replied I had none. After getting the change from another passenger, he came towards me and commenced to perform the alphabet with his fingers, greatly to my surprise. He asked: "Do you know Miss Annie Griffin?" and I replied, "Yes." He then added: "I am her cousin." This young lady is still a pupil of the Maryland School, and had been spending her holidays in this city during her Christmas vacation. Her parents are residents of Talbott County, Md.

The Secretary is very sorry to hear of the broken engagement of a Baltimore deaf gentleman and a Philadelphia deaf-mute lady.

We have had a warm wave for nearly a week, but on the weather boards the bulletin says the cold wave is coming along rapidly and by Sunday will throw the thermometer to the freezing point.

Mr. Knoechel attained his majority on the 7th inst.

Mr. Trundle's old Baltimore friends are glad to hear of his improved health, as stated in the JOURNAL.

No more till next week.

SEC'Y PEABODY LITERARY CLUB.

South Carolina.

The officers and pupils of the South Carolina Institution had more merriment last Christmas than they did in the three previous Christmases together.

The holidays began Thursday morning and indeed Saturday night, having been regularly celebrated Friday evening with an enertainment of tableaux and shadow pantomimes, interspersed with music. The approach of the holidays was signalized by the firing of crackers by the little boys, who could not wait. But this pleasure had to be, for prudential reasons, repressed till Thursday morning.

On Christmas morning every body was bright and happy; presents were exchanged and children ran here and there eating cakes and confectionaries, sent them from home, and seeking greedily for fun.

At 3 o'clock there was a sumptuous feast to which all the non-resident teachers, their families and the mute neighbors were invited. After dinner, the boys had fantastics, when night came, the boys and girls met together socially and passed the time joyously.

Friday evening, about 300 people assembled in the chapel to attend the entertainment.

It was gotten up by a committee consisting of Miss Bessie Eddy, Messrs. G. W. Dixon and D. S. Rogers; and was a success. The shadow pantomime convulsed the people with laughter. The devil, in the tableau "Temptation," frightened some of the children. One little girl crawled under the bench and said, "I almost smother to death, but I won't look at the devil." Little Annie Bradley, in the cradle on "Christmas Morning" looked so sweet.

A Christmas carol in an envelope addressed to the officers and pupils of the Institution, was found on Mr. Walker's plate on the table Christmas morning. It was cleverly written, and the author complimented every officer. It has since been found out that the carol was the production of Mrs. Dean, an almost helpless invalid and one of our popular neighbors.

Mr. W. T. Weir, of Kings Mountain, N. C., spent the holidays with us. Other mutes failed to keep their promises of spending them with us.

Miss Bessie Eddy, our new teacher of articulation, prides herself on the most attractive school room. She decorated it in an unique manner, leaves, shrubs, weeds and rocks being used. The broken soapstone vessels from Indian mounds, and other rocks which the natives overlook, are gathered and arranged artistically, so that their beauty is presented to the eye.

Mr. T. H. Coleman, the founder of of the Florida Institution for mutes, was awarded the first preminn of five dollars by the Charleston *News and Courier*, in a contest for giving the longest list of words formed of the letters C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a, in accordance with certain rules.

In answer to a question the Atlanta *Constitution* said there were between 700,000 and 900,000 mutes in the United States. Is it correct? [There are less than 40,000.—ED.]

The Institution will soon be connected with the town of Spartanburg by a telephone.

Col. P. Brewster, of Texas, died recently, and was buried in the Gulf of Mexico, in accordance with his expressed wishes. D. S. R.

A NEW ENGLAND PARTY.

COME ONE! COME ALL.!

It is with sincere pleasure that we announce on the authority of the genial Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Albert A. Barnes, that the Guild of Silent Workers will hold a "New England" Party, in the lecture room of St. Ann's Church, next Tuesday evening, Jan. 20th. Doors opened at 7: 30 o'clock. Admission 25 cents.

As the "Silent Workers" is the only society of mutes in this state, whose object is to help the unfortunate among our class, it should receive the encouragement and financial aid of all mutes and their friends. With that end in view, we ask contributions towards the supper, which under the management of Mrs. Frank Roberts, assisted by a large number of the prettiest and most intelligent young ladies of this vicinity, who have volunteered their services, should be made a success. Contributions can be sent to the church in the afternoon of the 20th inst., or bring what you have with you in the evening.

That this notice of the affair is extremely short, we are well aware, but it is the best, under the circumstances, the Entertainment Committee could do, and with those who really desire to aid the good work of the "Guild," it is sufficient. That this is so, we are confident, will be strongly attested by the large number of mutes and oral friends at the "New England" party on the evening of the 20th inst., among whom we expect to see many of the officers, pupils and *alumni* of "Old Fanwood," and also of the Lexington Avenue School. The Manhattan Literary Association should be well represented, while the Brooklyn Society, whose president is one of the officers of the "Guild," should be there in force. That the young gallants of the Catholic Literary Union, *minus* their "swallow tails," will be out goes without saying, for beauty's most ardent admirers is to be found in the ranks of that society. The members of the Gallaudet Club, including the renowned and philanthropic Jacques Loew, should also be on hand and help make things pleasant, while without the Jam Club the affair will lack one of the most essential adjuncts to its success. Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., the efficient principal of the New York Institute, who is ever foremost in encouraging mutes in whatever good work they may undertake, will probably be present and deliver an address, which alone will be worth more than the price of admission, and to see the pretty "waiter girls" who created such a sensation at the last party of the Guild, will be the event of a life time. G. L. R.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

CAPTAIN PHELAN, of Kansas City, was stabbed fourteen times in the office of Odonavan Rossa, in New York. He will recover. The attempt to murder him was made because it is supposed he betrayed to the British Government secrets of the Irish Dynamite party.

AT South Bend, Ind., some Polish grinders, dissatisfied with their pay, struck, and with several hundred other laborers, attacked the plough factory where they were employed, destroying property and injuring persons. They were dispersed by Veteran Guards of the Grand Army.

GOVERNOR WM. HALE, of Wyoming Territory, died on the evening of Tuesday last, at Cheyenne, W. T., after a lingering illness, from kidney complaint. He was appointed Governor by President Arthur on August 3, 1882. His former residence was Glenwood, Iowa. He was forty-eight years of age. His funeral will take place on Friday at Cheyenne.

THE steam sawmill belonging to J. R. Williams, eight miles south of Smithfield, O., exploded on Tuesday morning, wrecking the building. The boiler was blown a mile away. Loss $5,000. Three persons—John Evans and Willie Armstrong, a baby—were instantly killed. J. G. Evans was horribly burned. Walter Morrison was badly hurt. The cause was too much mud in the boiler.

A LARGE number of persons at Kingston, N. Y., are ill with malaria, intermittent and typhoid fevers. Doctors are busy night and day. The death rate during the past week has been unusually large, and a number of those sick are lying at the point of death. The sickness seems to start from malaria, which terminates in intermittent or typhoid fever, the latter appearing to be contagious. No sewers and the open winter are said to be the cause of the epidemic.

A DIABOLICAL attempt to wreck a train on the Georgia division of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad failed only by a miracle near Rome, Ga., on Sunday night. The miscreants tore up several yards of the track and drove pieces of rails into the cattle guards. They then piled cross ties between the rails, making an obstruction which would dash the train down a frightful abyss. Just before the train reached there the engine's boxes became hot and the engineer stopped the train to cool them. It struck the pile just as it slackened up. The pilot was torn off, but no other damage was done.

THOSE interested in baseball throughout the country, and especially those residing in this vicinity, are now discussing the ability of Paul Hines, the centre fielder of the champion Providence club, to catch a reguation baseball dropped from the top of the Washington Monument, a height of 515 feet. Hines, though deaf as a door nail, is extremely keen sighted, and is one of the best fly-ball catchers in the baseball arena. He feels confident that he can perform the feat without difficulty. Mr. McLaughlin, Superintendent of the Washington Monument, says he is willing to wager that no man can catch a baseball dropped from the top of the monument.

DR. CYRUS EDSON, of New York City, has obtained samples of headcheese and preserved meat which, it is said, contain borax, boracic acid, phosphate of soda and other substances which are hurtful to the stomach. Some of the headcheese contains Venetian red, which is used to give it an attractive color. Samples of the two commodities are in the hands of the department chemist for analysis. As soon as his report is made raids will be begun against the manufacturers. Another source of poisoning was brought to Dr. Edson's attention yesterday by a young woman, who placed a lot of English pheasants' heads upon his desk. The heads, she said, were used to trim ladies' hats and had been prepared with arsenic. The girl's hands were covered with botches, and she had been sick for months, she said, from handling the heads in a large millinery establishment. Dr. Edson will look into the matter.

AN interesting identification of an historical site has recently been made by General John Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., already well known for his successful researches in the Indian topography of the State. This is Auriesville Station, Montgomery county, near which was the Mohawk village where Rene Goupil, in 1642, and Father Jogues, in 1646, were put to a cruel death by the savages. They were both missionaries of the Society of Jesus, and a flourishing mission was afterward found there, the remnant of which still lives at Caughnawaga, Canada, where they took refuge 200 years ago. The Jesuit Father of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, having obtained possession of the property, have set about the erection of a pilgrim shrine under the title of Our Lady of Martyrs, as their old residence was called the Mission of the Martyrs. The Rev. J. Loyzance is in charge.

THE British bark Helen Isabel, from Cadiz reports a tremendous shock of earthquake occurring in the Atlantic at two o'clock on the morning of December 18. The position of the vessel at the time was latitude 38 deg. 51 min. north, longitude 29 deg. 55 min. west. The sea had been perfectly tranquil for some time previous to the occurrence of the shock, but of an ominous, inky blackness. The sails were idly flapping against the masts for more than a quarter of an hour, when several terrific shocks were felt and the noise produced thereby plainly heard. The ship rocked and shivered from stem to stern. Captain Olsen, although having experienced several earthquakes on the Pacific slope, describes the noise of the shocks he felt on this passage as far louder and more appalling. The crew ran about the deck bewildered and dazed in their frenzy. Without having been ordered to do so, they cut the boats adrift and were preparing to launch them, but their fears were allayed on the cessation of the shocks. The earthquake wave was traveling due westwrad.

IT has been proposed that the British Government purchase the celebrated Blenheim Madonna, which belongs to the Duke of Marlboro. The price asked for the Blenheim Madonna is £70,000, or $350,000. It is the highest-priced picture in the world. No other painting ever sold for more than half as much. Its value, whatever it may really be, arises from the fact that it is the best example extant of Raphael, who painted it about 1505, or nearly four hundred years ago. It is supposed to have been executed soon after he met Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci at Florence, in 1505, and to have been the result of the inspiration that he derived from those two great masters. The picture represents Mary and the infant Jesus on the throne, Nicholas of Barl on one side and the Baptist on the other. Though the picture is only eight feet high the beholder on looking at it undergoes the illusion frequently noticed in the cases of works of the rarest excellence, and imagines that the figures are the size of life. All the art sentiment of England is in favor of buying the picture, even at the unheard of and extravagant price of $350,000, but when the proposition comes up in Parliament it will probably meet with serious opposition.

ST. LOUIS.

Another Service by Rev. J. H. McFarland.

HOW CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PASSED.

Budget of Interesting Items.

(*From our St. Louis Correspondent.*)

A cold wind comes down from the North,
It's bracing and its nice;
But, goodness gracious! don't it make
Your girl's nose cold as ice?

Well, we have had our slice of the cold snap (since we wrote our last letter) and no mistake; the weather in this section, however, is something no other place can blow of—one night we went into the arms of Morpheus with the thermometer 65 above zero, in the morning there was a blizzard raging, and the ther. had dropped during the night 44 degrees—cold facts, we assure the JOURNAL readers.

Rev. James H. McFarland favored the dusty den where we sling type for the wherewithal to get our daily bread a visit on Saturday, Dec. 20th, bringing his charming little daughter Ethel along with him, and it made our hardened heart soften to see them. Little Ethel can hear and speak, and though but eight years old can talk in the sign-language quite as well as a veteran deaf-mute. Every one at our working place evinced great interest in her, and expresseds urprise when told her parents were deaf-mutes.

Sunday, Dec. 21st, Rev. Mr. McFarland [as usual] gave our silent community one of his interesting sermons, there being a good attendance of deaf-mutes, notwithstanding "old boreas," who was executing a "war dance" outside. It is hardly necessary to add that the service was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall. Mr. McFarland would have entertained the mutes with another lecture but for the fact that Saturday evening was rehearsal night for the shadow entertainment, to be given in connection with the ball next week.

Oh, hand me down my bonnet,
Oh, hand me down my shawl,
Oh, hand me down my opera cloak,
For I'm going to the Deaf-Mutes' ball.

Nearly every deaf-mute lady in town has been singing this or scmething like it during the past couple of weeks, and we are always bored with a thousand or more questions on the ball subject if we unwarily happen to get within signal distance of some fair one. Every young man is the object of patient and persistent attention by numerous deaf-mute ladies, to screw him up to the point of asking one of them to accompany him to the ball and take in supper, etc., at his expense; for, be it known, there seems to be two silent ladies to every silent gent we are acquainted with, so some of the fair ones must be left out in the cold, it seems. It's too bad, really, and we would willingly take a baker's dozen, just so they could enjoy themselves, only—only, well we have learned by hard experience that one young man will have all he can do to interest one fair one, much less two.

Charles Harden sings "I'm a dad, I'm so glad," and his happy face testifies his joy plainer than words. This is Charley's second cherub, and it's a bouncing boy that looks like a "chip of the old block." It first saw the light of day nearly three weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry, of Brihgton, Ill., were in the city for a few days just previous to Christmas, as guests of their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Brown, and Mr. Berry reported business as middling with him, the reason of his holiday being the shutting down of the mill where he works for improvement. The couple are the proud parents of a fine, seven months old baby.

Messrs. J. L. Smith and Charles Thompson, of St. Paul, Minn., favored this city with a few days' visit, during which they improved their time in getting better acquainted with our boys, and seemed to enjoy St. Louis' cheer tolerably well. They are fine-looking, well educated gentlemen, and if Minnesota boys are like them, the more that come to this city the better we will be pleased. They intend to take in the New Orleans Exposition on their way South, and then leisurely make their way to Georgia, to pass the winter.

One of the most welcome visitors that came to this "neck of the woods" for a long time, was Geo. T. Dougherty, formerly the foremost member of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club, but now President of the Pas-a-Pas, of Chicago. George dropped in on the members on Christmas day, unexpectedly, and such a surprised set of mutes no one ever saw. He was loaded, from top to bottom, with presents for his relatives in this city. George made good use of his short vacation, looking up his fair acquaintances, and talking with the boys of good old times gone by. Sunday evening last, he was forced to bid every one good bye and returned in time for business Monday. We hope to see his genial face again ere long.

The holidays have come and gone, and left nothing but fond memories of the good thing, that have been behind them. As to what our silent ones received from fond relatives, we are in doubts as we have had no time to cast up an inventory of the numerous trifles nearly all received—as for ourselves, we are happy; we did not get left.

Hugh P. Lamb has, every recurring Christmas, been reminded in a handsome way by some fair one, this time he got a superb present, as usual, but who from—aye, there's the rub.

Miss Augusta Vasel has been seriously ill for three weeks past, and is by no means out of danger yet. Her numerous friends will be sorry to hear of this, and we hope she may speedily recover both health and strength.

"Kerry Patch's" soul is full of joy over a letter that came over the sea, from a deaf-mute girl in Ireland formerly residing in this town. We hope he intends to settle down, and will give him a good reminder when the happy event comes off.

J. H. Wolf claims to be the best dressed mute in town, since he blossomed out in his new suit. Maybe so, Jack, but we'll go you one better that there are a dozen mutes who eclipse you.

Henry McCamley complains of a weak, all-gone feeling, and says he is sick this week. We wonder if he has been buzzing too near a certain deaf-mute belle, and got his wings singed?

There was to have been a certain couple tied together with a Gordian knot, on the 31st, of December last, but, as we expected, it is postponed until further notice, the improvident young man not having raised the gold dust, and the prospects are never will.

Leo. Froning and E. J. McNamara took separate routes and went New Year's calling in the teeth of the cold wave—we are anxiously awaiting tidings as to their probable fate; but there is one solemn fact we are aware of—nobody, to our knowledge, was at home—baskets, hung outside, with the legend "cards received here," were very numerous, so we are sadly afraid the young gents aforesaid had a bootless journey, with not even a "Tom and Jerry" to console their weary *soles*.

The Deaf-Mute Club had an auction at their old club quarters just previous to removal, that furnished a great deal of fun to the members, and also profit to the club's treasury. W. E. Guss acted as auctioneer, and did his duty like a veteran in the business.

Christmas day, Messrs. Will Stafford, Ashbel Merrell and Johnnie Campbell hied themselves away to the wild, wild country, back of East St. Louis, with joyous hearts and intention of slaughtering a wagon load of game with their trusty shotguns; in the evening three weary, disgusted mutes tramped back through the snow to St. Louis, with not even a miserable rabbit to show for the day lost. We extend our tenderest sympathies to all of the mighty Nimrods, and let's whisper, boys, you'll find much better and interesting game within a mile of your respective residences, if you will only look sharp—a word to the wise, etc., you know.

The Deaf-Mute Club moved into its new quarters in the Y. M. C. A. building, on the last day of the old year, and let's hope the new one will bring continued prosperity and success to St. Louis mutes, also to every one else. The new room is amply sufficent for all reasonable purposes, and every one is satisfied. So, there!

Rev. Job Turner was announced to give a sermon, Sunday Dec. 28, but didn't, as his train was detained. Anyhow there would have been few to see him, as our mutes had only one day's notice. Job would be doing both himself and the mutes good, by letting the Secretary of the Deaf-Mute Club know, a week or two in advance, when he will be here, so there may be time to tell every one.

Rev. A. W. Mann will favor the Deaf-Mute Club with a lecture, Jan. 17, and will be warmly welcomed after his long absence.

No more this time.

JIM JAMS.

Society of Deaf-Mutes.

At a meeting of the Lynn Society of Deaf-Mutes, held Monday night in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, the officers were chosen for the year 1885 as follows: Daniel Norwood, president; Edward Welch, secretary; Ansel A. Jackson, treasurer; Rev. Samuel Rowe, Charles E. Burrill and Mrs. Catharine Chase, lookout committee; M. F. Willis and Julius F Lang, committee on lectures, social and other amusements.—*Lynn Bee.*

MARRIED.

MCCLINTOCK-SMITH.—On January 1st, 1885, at the residence of the bride's mother in Philadelphia, by Rev. Henry Winter Sylo, James J. McClintock of Nicetown, and Martha Jane, daughter of the late Edward Smith, of Philadelphia. A happy beginning of the New Year!

The Genesis of Deaf-Mutes.

DISPUTING PROFESSOR BELL'S THEORY AS TO THE EVILS OF THEIR INTERMARRIAGE

TORONTO, ONT., Jan. 8, 1885.—Dr. Matheson, superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville, writes to the Toronto *Mail* in answer to Professor Alexander Graham Bell's paper transmitted to the United States Congress upon the formation of the deaf mute variety of the human race. He says:—

"So far as Ontario is concerned, Professor Bell is very much astray in his theoretical conclusions. In the provincial institution for the education and instruction of the deaf and dumb at Belleville, under my charge, there are the histories of 661 mute children, who are now or have been pupils therein. I am acquainted with the parents of about three hundred of the children, and have made inquiries during the last five years concerning many others. Up to this time I have been unable to find that any of these parents were or are deaf or dumb. A few of the grandparents, however, were mutes. A considerable number of deaf and dumb persons in the province are intermarried and have children, and in every case that has come to my knowledge the children can hear and speak. There may possibly be a few instances of hereditary deafness in the province that have not been reported but these are so very few in proportion to the number of deaf and dumb persons and they form such a small fraction of the population that an evolution of a distinct race of mutes need never be feared."—*New York Herald.*

CHICAGO.

Our Grand Ball.

NEW YEAR CALLS.

A Business Failure.

SPLINTERS.

(*From our Chicago Correspondent.*)

On the 31st of Dec., the Pas-a-Pas Club held a preliminary meeting, to perfect arrangements for our Grand Ball.

On New Year's night, while the thermometer was playing around zero, the guests began to assemble at our spacious halls, and by nine o'clock there was a tolerably large attendance.

The whole Pas-a-Pas boys were there, with a good many deaf-mutes from the surrounding States. The Ball was marked with a larger attendance of hearing people than deaf-mutes, and was a most enjoyable social event. Every person who was present agrees that it was a very brilliant affair. Another party was gotten up that night by a malicious person who wished to cripple our enterprise, and owing to that fact, a good many of the mutes were not present, but in spite of those obstacles, nothing seemed able to deter our progress, and it was a fair success.

The Committee on Arrangements deserved great credit for their unparalleled energy in bringing it to a successful issue.

Mr. Philip Jacoby and his newly made bride, were present at our Ball, looking bright and happy.

Mr. Bowes, of the chicken famed history, did very excellent work in entertaining the guests.

At about 12 o'clock we marched to the dining room, where a supper awaited us. The the tables were groaning under the burden of all the delicacies and choicest viands of the season. After supper we resumed the dance till 5 o'clock in the morning, and then broke up for our homes.

On New Year's day, notwithstanding the cold weather, four of the Pas-a-Pas boys, Messrs. Codman, Hemlein, Dougherty, and Matt Mullen, donned their shining plug hats and Prince Albert coats and went out calling on their fair friends in an elegant barouche drawn by four horses. Owing to the fact that no notice of receiving calls was given by the deaf-mute ladies, (with the exception of one, Miss Leli, who entertained us most royally) we confined our calls mainly to hearing ladies. The diamonds glittering from their breasts made them look every inch of young millionaires. The Pas-a-Pas boys are great favorites of the Belles of the Prairie City, and it was no wonder that they were received most cordially on New Year's Day.

Mr. Richardson, of Boston, was here on New Year's day, moving heaven and earth in endeavor to find the whereabouts of our Ball. But unfortunately as he did not have the right address, and was unable to find it.

Mr. Colby, the genial secretary of the Pas-a-Pas club, got back just in time to attend to our Ball, looking much better after his long rest. He is now taking measures to have the city sued for damages.

The firm of Kleinhaus and Martindale, publishers of a certain paper, has collapsed with liabilities amounting to $800. Assets unknown—at least to the writer. Mr. Kleinhaus has gone under the paternal wing, while Mr. Martindale has skipped out of town, supposed to be in the direction of Canada. Both of the gentlemen are well educated semi-mutes.

Mr. McMillan is the happy father of a little boy.

The alliged L-L-D-P-H-D and so on Professor of Chicago has gone to New Orleans with his ill gotten earnings, to escape for a few weeks from the wickedness of the boys who have so long snubbed at his doctrines of Spiritualism.

Miss Chamberlain, of Michigan, is the guest of Miss Woods for this week.

Miss Lillian Gotschalg and her hearing sister charmed us on New Year's day with their presence in this city. For some reason best known to Lillian, only her sister went to the Ball with your gallant? correspondent

It is stated on good authority, that the stately and dignified gentleman of Pullman, Mr. Fraser, is going to celebrate this New Year with a marriage to the charming young lady Miss Luther. Keep your resolution, my dear old chum.

In a late issue of your paper, the Owensboro correspondent dwelt at some length on the deplorable condition of cigarmakers in general. Being a cigar manufacturer myself, I will say a few words in behalf of the cigarmakers. It is true, as he stated, that a great number of them have a habit for drinking and loafing, but that class is in the minoirty. There is another class, whose industry and integrity is not to be doubted. The main cause of their deplorable condition is to be laid at the door of their employers, who seem to bear a bitter animosity against them as a class, and are always on the alert to pick up quarrels with them, especially when business is not very lively, on such trifles as to the expense of gas and fuel. We, the Chicago boys, feel very grateful to know that the Owensboro correspondent is getting along so finely, and will venture to ask him a timid question through your valuable paper if he will kindly pay up his Chicago debts.

The committee for our Masquerade Ball have engaged the Vincennes Hall, on Vincennes St., near the corner of 35th St. and Cottage Grove Ave., for that purpose, and it will take place on the 28th of February.

A brilliant little party was given by Miss Wood at the home for the erring Women's Refuge, where her mother presides as matron, in honor of Miss Chamberlain. It is said the boys were having a high old time there, and indulged rather freely in what is known the "Salts."

I am told that Mr. Fraser had a hair breadth escape from having met the unhappy fate of that Western gentleman who was so unfortunate as to have one part of his mutton chop whiskers torn off at our late reception.

Mr. Fraser ought to be very thankful for being blessed with a tough skin. Your correspondent, being unfortunate enough to have offended the charming young ladies in some way, was therefore not invited to that party, notwithstanding the fact that he is too pious a looking fellow to have offended any body.

Invitations have been sent to the Pas-a-Pas boys to attend a party to be given at Mr. Hemlein's house up in Pullman, Saturday night, the 10th.

Rev. A. W. Mann is expected to preach in this city next Sunday. Boys, let us leave behind parties, politics and all worldly affairs and go to church next Sunday.

Now your old correspondent has returned to this city, and I will bid you, the JOURNAL and its readers good bye, and retire once more to obscurity. I hope my humble "epistles" have been of some interest to you, readers, and hope this new year will be a happy one, full of prosperity and blessings for every one, and trust it will not be without some benefits for the proof readers of this JOURNAL, in the shape of improvements.

ST. MATTHEW.

Chattanooga Jottings.

Christmas has come and gone, and the New Year opened with rainy and gloomy weather for Chattanooga. But no telling yet, how she will prove herself hereafter, though we trust that she will serve her term as faithful, if not better than the old year served hers, which was well done.

Miss Katie Hulse entertained a unmber of her friends on New Year's eve. Your correspondent was present and had a most pleasant time.

It is now whispered here on good authority that a well known bachelor of the Tenneessee Deaf and Dumb Institute, and who is at present the editor of the little paper published there, will end his days some time this month by entering into matrimony.

Master Tomy Rawlston, of this city, who is attending school at Knoxville, came here last month and spent the holidays at home.

L. A. Hyder, who has resided in Chattanooga for the past year, purposes to leave during the present month for Nashville, Tenn., his future home.

The firm that employed Mr. H. H. French as a horse collar maker, have notified him that, owing to dullness in business and an overstock of collars, they will not need him for several months to come. He says meanwbile he will go to Nashville, and if he does not succeed there in getting work, he will proceed to his home near Memphis, Tenn., and stay until the firm wants him again.

A mute who gave his name as John Rynn, hailing from Columbus, O., has been in the city for several weeks. He stated to the writer of this that he is a member of the base ball club, which was recently organized.

Mr. J. H. McMechem, of Wheeling, W.Va., spent a day in the city, while on his way to the World's Exposition at New Orleans during the latter part of last month. While here your correspondent made his acquaintance, and found him to be of a pleasant address. He went up to Knoxville to see Miss Houghton and Branum, besides some one else that he seemed to think so much of, he could not miss a visit there, and after spending a day or so there, he came back and resumed his journey.

Will not some of the readers of the JOURNAL in the South write to this paper more often. It would afford great pleasure to the writer of this to hear from his numerous friends in the South, especially in Alabama, and know how they are getting along; besides it would make the paper more interesting for the mutes of the South.

Chattanooga correspondent of the JOURNAL is a little late in sending in his greetings to the Editor and corps of the JOURNAL, though he bespeaks them, a Happy and prosperous New Year.

PACE TUA.

New England Party.

MY DEAR EDITOR:—Allow me to have a little space in the JOURNAL, if there be any to be spared. There is a New England party to be given under the auspices of the Guild of Silent Workers in the Sunday School Rooms of St. Ann's Church, on the evening of January 20th (Tuesday), at eight o'clock. The Committee of the Entertainment trust that this social treat will be eventually a success, if the community of deaf-mutes will work with good will to that effect. It must be remembered that this entertainment is gotten up for the benefit of the afflicted and needy in our charge.

A. A. BARNES, *Chairman.*

NEW YORK

OUR ASSOCIATIONS.

COMING EVENTS.

(*From our regular correspondent*)

The regular monthly business meetings of the various societies in town were held during the past week.

The Gallaudet Club begins the New Year with three new members, making the total membership twenty-three. Mr. Albert Ballin, Samuel McClelland, and Lee W. Bailey, are the new members, and more applications are expected.

On Thursday evening, the Manhattan Literary Assocation held their regular monthly meeting. Shortly after eight o'clock, President Ekartd opened the meeting with a brief retrospect of the past year, and a prediction for the new one. Most of the business transacted was private. One applicant for membership, Mr. John Wagele, was admitted. Despite the statements of a prejudiced few, the Manhattan Literary Association is in a flourishing condition. The associate members are nearly of age, and ere long will become active members. The officers, as a whole, are the right men in the right places. The applications and admissions for 1884 exceeded the resignations. Some of those who resigned will be greatly missed, and the gap left by the resignation of one or two is so small as to be invisible, and the association is much better off without them. The programme, so far as arranged by the committee on lectures, is—January 5th, Lecture on the life of Frederick the Great, by Mr. Emil Basch. Dr. Gallaudet will lecture on "Overcoming Difficulties," on February 19th. The Doctor always attracts large audiences, and we trust this lecture will be no exception to the general rule.

Among the plays running at the different theatres your reporter has attended, he would respectfully suggest that every deaf-mute make an effort to see "the Devil's Auction." The title is rather forbidding, but the play is acted partially in signs exactly the same as those used by us. The whole thing is an exceedingly comical as well as beautifully mounted spectacle. "Three wives to one husband," at the Union Square, is overflowing with fun. Mestayers "We, Us and Co.," at the Fifth Avenue, is more funny than their "Tourists."

On Thursday evening, a committee of ladies connected with the Guild met at St. Ann's lecture room. Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Brown, Misses Noble, Reed, Brinck, Baker, and Mrs. Witschief, and Messrs. Barnes, Waters and Witschief, were among those present to arrange details for the coming New England Party. The ladies are confident of success, and we hope their expectations will be realized.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pratt, of Middletown, Conn., were met by your reporter on a street car in Brooklyn last Friday. Mr. Pratt returns in a week or so, and Mrs. Pratt will remain at her mother's in Brooklyn for a couple of weeks longer.

Mr. Em. Souweine speaks very highly of the courteous treatment he recived at the hands of the deaf-mutes of the "City Brotherly Love." He spent three days seeing the "pachyderm gigantus" of Philadelphia.

Every subscriber of the JOURNAL should, if possible, keep their copy of the paper from year to year.

The reasons therefor need not be enumerated, they are so numerous. A very pretty binder of morroco can be had of Koch, Sons & Co., of Ann and William st., for $1.50, or your name, etc., stamped on in gilt letters for 25 cents extra.

Mr. Theodore Lounsbury's brother was robbed of wearing apparel and jewelry to the value of more than 100 dollars last week. The thief effected an entrance to his room while he was absent.

The exact profit of the Gallaudet Club Ball was $107.64.

Why would it not be a good idea to get a roller skating party? One of the societies might take hold of it, and bring it to a successful issue.

Scarcely a day passes but what a few mutes are at one of the rinks. The Knickerbocker, in the American Institute Fair building is evidently most popular.

The Cosmopolitan is no doubt the handsomest.

The residents of the East Side have a good double rink on the site of the Windsor Theatre—called the Windsor Rink.

"Hypo" would be pleased to meet the mutes of the following places. He will be at Wesleyan College, Middletown, Conn, three weeks from January 20th, the next two weeks at Wellesley, Mass., then four weeks at Brown Univesity, Providence, R. I., and Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., three weeks.

HYPO.

Philadelphia Christmas Cards.

"The happiest time of all the year" has come and gone, leaving behind it the memory of countless happy hours, and bringing with the new year the prospect of a long half year more of hard plodding toward the goal of knowledge.

Some slight changes are to be made in the order of things, within the lofty precincts of the Alma Mater, since the holidays. First and most important is a move to make a change in the length of school hours—the morning session to last from half past eight until twelve instead of from nine till half past eleven, as in the dear old days, and the afternoon session from one till two—only one hour's duration.

The pupils, who spent the holidays here report having had a splendid time, thanks to the generosity of our Board of Directors, and the kindness and untiring efforts of our charming matron and some of the teachers, who spared no time, trouble nor expense, to make the holidays pass happily.

"Bobbie" is about the only one with whom the festive season appears to have disagreed! That elegant mirror, which Mr. Jas. Leys was thoughtful enough to present our young dude, reflecting back a face several inches longer than we were aware "Bobbie" possessed.

Miss Louisa Leibrandt, ony of Prof. Booth's pupils, left the Inst. just before the holidays. We are sorry she was not heroic enough to remain at least till the end of the term.

"Queen Bess" paid us a flying call on Thursday evening, and looks as if life went "merry as a marriage bell."

Miss L. K. Nicholas has resigned her position among Miss Peter's corps of assistants. We are sorry to lose her society, as she was a lively and pleasant companion.

Mr. Jas. Leys, the Boys' Supervisor, spent the holidays in the most respectful attendance upon his aunt (?) finding it necessary to call upon the that lady at least six evenings out of the seven. We cannot but admire such filial devotion!

The C. L. S. held its first meeting, since the beginning of the holidays, on Wednesday, January 7th, when President Reider opened the meeting with a few words of welcome and congratulation.

"Violet" spent the Xmas holidays in a delicious round of pleasures among home scenes and friends, where dear old Santa Claus seemed to have taken up his residence and showered his choicest gifts.

We were highly gratified by the receipt of a handsome Christmas card from M. Arsenia, of St. Joseph's Convent, through whose kindness each of her pupils received a card, a box of confectionery and different kinds of fruit on Sunday before Christmas. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, graced the presentation ceremonies with his presence, and the children expressed themselves greatly charmed by his kind and genial manners.

Have you succeeded in writing it '85 yet without stopping to think?

VIOLET.

PHILADELPHIA, 1-9-'84.

CONNECTICUT NEWS.

Miss Hull, of Plainville, thinks seriously of making a visit to Maine in the spring.

Mr. W. K. Chase, of Winsted, has been for several weeks out of employment, but returned to his shop recently.

The readers of the JOURNAL will recall the loss of wedding presents for Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, of Middletown, on the ill-fated steamboat Granite State, destroyed by fire two years ago, on the Connecticut River. A few days ago a dozen silver spoons marked "Pratt" were found on the shore near Goodspeeds, and they were forwarded to the owner.

Two Sabbaths ago, Mr. Leek gave us a very good sermon in his house. The congregation was much impressed. Among the attendants were Mr. and Mrs. William Cook, of New Britain, Misses Annie M. Stoffell, Miss Axt, and several others of New Haven, and the JOURNAL correspondent.

Mr. James Hagerty, the Connecticut comedian, who is watchman for the lumber company in New Haven, the other day was seen on board the train from New Haven to Berlin, and he took the train for New Britain. Probably he went to paint the town red.

John Muth, after his return to Meriden from his travels, found that the shop would not open for business for a fortnight, so he took the first train for Waterbury.

One day while a fellow who left the Institution last year, was watching an iron safe being removed from one store to another, he told the JOURNAL correspondent that he would like to put a six-ton safe in his own room, so that he could save his shekels, and the interest could cover the principal without depositing it in any bank.

On Sunday morning at 2 A.M., a most disastrous and extensive fire in the large Wilcox Hall in Southington occurred. The members of the Hook and Ladder Company worked vigorously, and their efforts were sucessful. Among the helping hands were Herman Erbe and C. Ensley.

NOTICE.

The Quarterly service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany, will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, next Sunday, January 18th, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. At half-past seven o'clock in the evening, on that day, there will be a "combined service" in Grace Church, Waterford.

Mr. J. M. Koehler's Appointments.

DIOCESE OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVNIA.

Jan. 16—Grace Church, Allentown, 7:30 P.M.
" 18—Christ Church, Reading, 3:30 P.M.
" 18—St. Barnabas, Reading, combined service, 7:30 P.M.
" 25—Christ Church, Townada, 10:30 A.M. and 2 P.M.

CINCINNATI.

Quiet And Dull Holidays.

A RUNAWAY FROM ILLINOIS.

Anderson Society Matters.

(*From our Cincinnati Correspondent.*)

Christmas and New Year's are among those which belong to the future. Perhaps they were the dullest ever experienced in Cincinnati—no balls, no parties, no social gatherings, except one, at Miss Nimsgern's. About twenty or thirty young people (married ones) assembled at her residence on Melancthon street, on Christmas afternoon, where they indulged in eating, talking, playing games, etc., till a late hour in the night.

An agent of the Associated Charities, Mr. Warren by name, brought to the office, where "Mercury" works, a mute boy, aged about fourteen years, and wanted me to find out something about him. After the pumping process, it was brought out that the boy's name was Lee Brown, and he was from Springfield, Ill. He could not tell how he got in Cincinnati, and could not tell anything but his name and where from, though he said he had been at school four years. He must be either a stupid or cunning fox. The agent intended to send him to Columbus, but "Mercury" advised the agent to ship the boy in a cattle car to Springfield. The boy had nothing about him but a bundle, which, on opening, was found to contain many time tables of different railroads. He must have been a great tourist.

At the last meeting of the society, President Henry Bardes announced that he had accepted the position as foreman of a shoe factory at the deaf-mute school in Turtle Creek, Penn., and he must leave for his post immediately. He then resigned his office as President. Adrian Rembeck, Vice-President, was promoted to the presidency, and Jos. H. Vance was elected to fill the vacancy of the Vice-Presidency.

The smiling face of Ben. Oppenheimer is again visible in Cincinnati, after an absence of several months. He has concluded to reside in this city and bid good-bye to his business of photographing in the country. He has a patent of electric spectacles which, if successful, may prove a bonanza to him.

Leo Raum, the well known cigarmaker, spent his holidays with his mother in Covington. After enjoying good things to his heart's content, he returned to his post in Miamisburg, O., last Sunday evening.

Wm. Tanger, a mute of Dayton, O., was seen in Cincinnati during Christmas week.

John Lane and John Long, brothers-in-law, enjoyed their Xmas in Campbell County, Ky.

John Barrick, our faithful Treasurer, was on the sick list last week, but is now out on the streets.

The health of aged Wm. Hoagland is failing, and he has been confined to the house for three weeks. He reached the seventy-ninth year of his age last October, and is the last survivor of a large and aged family of brothers and sisters.

The house of Louis Runkel, brother of Henry Runkel, was recently burglarized, and a large amount silverware, clothing, etc., were carried off, but afterward recovered. The thieves were sent to the bastile to study the art of breaking big ones into little ones.

MERCURY.

1-8-85.

INDIANA ITEMS.

Miss Lida Kirkman, of Fairfield, Ind., spent the holidays with friends in Peru. She reports a splendid time.

Malin Collins is still in the furniture business in Tipton, and doing exceedingly well, considering dull times.

Miss Maggie Allen, a lively young mute lady, lives at Centre, Ind., only five miles from Miss Kirkman.

Why is it we never hear from the "silent" people at Indianapolis? 'Cause they are *silent*, I reckon.

Miss Annie Thomas spent a very pleasant week visiting Lida Kirkman at Fairfield, and, Mr. and Mrs. Moss at Burlington, just before Thanksgiving last.

Joseph Kline, of La Fayette, Ind., is one of those handsome do-as-you-please young fellows that always makes friends wherever he goes.

Johnny Pottemyer, of Class '81, is still at his old home in Loganport, the same old Johnny of "ye olden times."

Mr. and Mrs. Moss, of Burlington, spent a few weeks with her parents at Goldsmith lately.

Pennsylvania Deaf Mute Association.

A meeting of the Board of Managers will be held on Saturday evening, Jan. 17th, at 9 o'clock, at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, cor. Broad and Pine Sts., Phila. A full attendance is desired, if possible, as important business will come before the meeting.

By order of the President.

J. M. KOEHLER, *Sec'y.*

Some Reminiscences of the Old 50th Street Institution, its Inmates and Surroundings.

MR. EDITOR:—The period of which I write extends from the Autumn of 1849, to the Summer of '52.

Could some old habitue of the 50th Street Institution, as it was, have been put to sleep about 1850, and were to wake up, on the spot, to-day, a veritable Rip Van Winkle, he could scarcely be made to believe his senses, that he was on his old stamping ground.

The place then was comparatively out in the country. Third Avenue was the best built up portion of the locality, and I think was paved up towards Harlem. Between 3d Ave. and the East River were quite extensive pieces of woodland from some distance below 50th St. northward. Madison and Lexington Aves. were then unopened, in that vicinity, at least. Fiftieth St., and 5th Ave, from the Reservoir northward, were common country dirt roads. From about where the Grand Central Depot now stands northward to Harlem, 50th St. was the only street opened between 3d and 5th Aves. There were no Vanderbilt mansions, no grand Cathedral and Cardinal's Palace. There was, however, a large Orphan Asylum on the north side of 50th St., near 5th Ave.

From the rear of the Institution, looking south beyond the playground, was a wild common, covered with rocks and a stunted growth of brushwood, the distributing Reservoir on 5th Ave. was in full view. And from the 50th Street front, the old Arsenal, now the Central Park Zoo., and the hills of Harlem, were in plain sight. All the intervening ground, and off west towards the North River, was a common pasturage for cattle and goats, with huge rocks and scattered Irish cabins. Now all around and for miles to the northward are well paved streets and hundreds on hundreds of solid blocks of brick and marble mansions, while on one side is one of the finest parks in America, with Zoological gardens, museums and galleries of Art, paintings of great price, statuary and objects innumerable. Even the old world has been dug up and made to contribute many rare and unique specimens of the lares and penates of the ancients, possibly antidating the time of Herodotus and Homer, as shown in the collection of Gen. Di Cesnola, while we are indebted to the engineering skill of Lieut. Commander Gorringe for the safe transport and re-erection of one of the great wonders of Egypt, the monster Obelisk.

The Institution grounds, about 12 acres, more or less, were inclosed by a high board fence on the east, south and west, and extended from 4th to 5th Aves. On the 4th Ave. side was a fruit, vegetable and flower garden, next west was the play ground of about 4 acres, and between that and 5th Ave., was 5 or 6 acres devoted to potatoes and vegetables. Mead, the gardener, lived in a small cottage on 50th St., near where the Hotel Buckingham now stands. Further south, near where Madison Ave. now is, were three or four three-story brick houses occupied by Profs. Cary, Bartlett and Morris, and midway between these houses and 4th Ave., was the girls' wing, the main building, the boys' wing, and beyond the shops, with the stables at the extreme 4th Avenue end.

Prof. O. W. Morris's son was just entering professional practice, and hung out a modest shingle, "Morean Morris, M.D.," down on 3d Ave. He is now an efficient member of the New York City Board of Health.

I had my hearing until 10 or 11 years old, and was as well up in the rudiments of a common school education as most boys of that age. Indeed I was something of a juvenile orator, and took my turn in reciting

"Who would think one of my age,
Should appear in public on the stage?"

As well as the burial of "Sir John Moore," "the speech of Patrick Henry," and many other selections. Being totally deaf, I was entered at the Institution as a pupil, at the age of 14, late one Saturday afternoon in the fall of '49. I knew nothing about deaf-mutes, or their way of talking by signs and the manual alphabet. I was conducted to the boys' sitting room and turned loose, as it were. There were over 100 boys standing around over the room, all gesticulating more or less furiously, as it seemed to me, while waiting for supper. My first impression was that I was in bedlam among lunatics, and I was in great fear of being knocked down, if not torn in pieces. I dodged imaginary blows aimed at me and sought insolation and safety behind the desks at one side of the room, feeling fearfully homesick. But after a while I began to take in the true situation, and on Monday I was placed in Edward Peet's class, among the "freshmen," to learn the alphabet and signs. Three or four weeks afterwards Dr. H. P. Peet introduced me as a member of the 2d class, Mr. Bartlett's. Dr. Peet would probably have placed me in the 1st class, had there been a vacancy. However, such a sudden jump from the bottom to so near the top greatly surprised the 2d class boys and girls, and they received me, at first, with scorn and derision, as much as to say: "we want no greenhorns here," but this soon changed to respect when they found I was not so green as appearances would indicate.

There were no horse car lines then and elevated railways were not thought of. The chief means of access to and from the city was by stage, via 3d Ave. and the Bowery. Occasionally local trains would stop on signal, under the bridge at 50th St. and 4th Ave. on the N. Y., and New Haven and Harlem railroad.

The mail facilities were looked after generally by N. Denton Wilkins, a very rich deaf-mute, who occupied private apartments by himself, and kept his own horse and buggy at the Institution stable. With his fleet bay, bob-tail pony, he did not care to ride in anybody's dust. He was a good whip, and would spin down 5th Ave. at a lively gait and in and out among the Broadway stages until he reached the Post Office in the old brick church on Nassau St., delivered and received his mail and returned. He rendered this service after school hours. For some reason, he subsequently dropped his surname of Wilkins, by legal enactment or otherwise, and has since been known only as Nehemiah Denton. He married Mrs. Frisbie, the then assistant Matron at the Institution, and they have since resided at Geneva, N. Y.

Henry J. Haight also occupied private apartments at the Institution, under the special care of Mrs. Stoner, the Matron. His father frequently sent up a pony carriage, with driver in livery, for his use out of school hours.

William Howell, a rich semi-mute from South Carolina, lived at Prof. Batlett's and pursued his studies with him as private tutor. He was one of the finest and most manly deaf men I ever knew. He was tall, dignified and graceful, pleasant and chatty among his friends, but he was not the kind of a man to be trifled with. He had eyes as piercing as an eagle's, as resolute as that of a Spartan hero, and it was a brave man who ever dared to provoke him and bring to the surface the hot blood of the southern fire eater. Mr. Howell kept a fine yacht and was quite a venturesome sailor, navigating his craft alone up the sound to Martha's Vineyard and Buzzard's Bay.

Mr. Edmund Peet, the Steward of the Institution, also kept a cabin yacht, and both his and Mr. Howell's rode at anchor in Turtle Bay, near the foot of what is now 48th St., East River. One Saturday, Dr. Peet procured Mr. Howell's yacht, and with an expert sailor in charge had all the boys ferried over to Blackwell's Island to visit the penal and other Institutions. I think they were all taken over in three boat loads, and brought back the same way. Both the sail and the visit was a great treat to all of us.

For amusements the boys played pitching quoits and base ball, but foot ball was the game most frequently played, as all who chose to play could be drawn into it and it afforded the best kind of exercise, aside from the fun. The play ground was just the right size, a square field of four acres. Generally the games would pass off with entire good nature, but sometimes the opposing parties would be very evenly matched and the game would become very exciting. Occasionally there would be claims of foul, resulting in a melee in which the most pugnacious would come out with torn shirts and bloody noses. In warm weather, the boys often went swimming in the East River near the foot of 50th St., accompanied by Dr. Peet or some one of the teachers. Some of the boys were very bold swimmers, and on one occasion, when there was a strong ebb-tide, four of them, venturing out too far, were caught in the powerful current and carried far down towards Fulton Ferry, in spite of all their efforts to strike in shore. They were picked up in row boats and got back, after a fashion, none the worse for their exciting adventure.

Among the characters at the Institution, was a huge colored man known as Black Anthony, who probably weighed not far from 300 pounds, he had formerly been a slave in the South, how he gained his freedom I do not know. He was a jolly, good natured fellow, fond of fun and of playing tricks on the boys, and was well liked, his business was to wait on the table, make the gas and act as general utility man. Among other help employed was a stout Irishman, as helper in the kitchen, and waiter in the dining room. He had a big conceit of himself. His skin was white and may be he traced his genealogy back to the ancient Irish Kings. Any way, he considered himself far superior to Black Anthony. One day the two had a dispute that resulted in a fight. The Irishman was the better man with his fists and at first had the best of it, at one time he had the colored pusson's head under his left arm, while with his right, he put in the up strokes where they would do the most good. But Anthony soon shook loose from chancery, then the tide of battle changed. Catching the bully by the hair and ears, he used his bullet head as a battering ram on the cranium of the Irishman, until the latter probably saw stars all around the firmament and was first to cry "hold, enough." The Irishman retired to nurse a swelled head, and was not seen around for several days, but ever afterwards he gave Anthony a wide berth and treated him with respect.

The trades then taught were bookbinding and folding, cabinet-making, shoe-making and tailoring. No doubt many of the pupils laid the foundation for success, in after life, from the useful employment furnished them, morning and afternoon, before and after school hours.

Alonzo M. Giles, for a time a members of Mr. Barlett's class, was a a curious case. His hearing was perfect, but, singular to tell, he was tongue tied and could not speak a word or even whisper. His proper place was in a hearing school, where he could easily recite his lessons in writing.

G. O. Gilbert, of the same class, had a penchant for aeronautics, and spent a good deal of his spare time in the manufacture of balloons, in a loft over the shops. He made some small ones, four or five feet in diameter, which when filled with smoke would rise gracefully and float off into the blue ethers of the heavens. He was building one quite large balloon, near vacation time, but whether he made an ascent in it, I don't know, as I was home for vacation.

George Driscoll, also of Mr. Bartlett's class, was the mimic and comic pantomimist, always brought out at the exhibitions, to show the uninitiated how to shave, to shoe a horse, to knit and take snuff, etc., etc., while Beau Barnes' sister, a very beautiful little lady, did the reverential in reciting the Lord's Prayer.

Miss Helen A. Chandler, now Mrs. Rider, Josephine Grace Colvin, now the widow Chandler, and Lucy A. Bougton, now Mrs. Myers, were the leading belles of that period.

The Board of Directors were an influential body of men, eminent in business, in wealth, or philanthropy. Probably the most noticeable among them was Gen. Prosper M. Wetmore, a short, slim, little man, who probably did not weigh much, if anything, over 100 pounds, yet he had brains, tact and energy, that made him one of the big men in the business and charities of the city. Among others, Judges, W. W. Campbell, John Duer and Henry E. Davies were eminent jurists, and Revs. Dr. Bedell and Dr. Wm. Adams were great in theology.

In 1851, Dr. Peet and Prof. I. L. Peet, accompanied by Mr. Gamage, Mr. Wilkins, and, I think, Mr. Howell, made their memorable trip to Europe to examine into the modes of instruction in other lands. They were gone several months, and visited many of the Institutions in Great Britain, Holland, France, Germany and Italy. They appear to have found little that was superior and much that was inferior to their own processes. During their absence, Mr. Bartlett was the acting Principal.

Dr. H. P. Peet was then in the full plenitude of physical and mental strength. He was a tall, large, finely formed man, of great natural dignity, well calculated to inspire respect and confidence. He would have been picked out anywhere as a born leader of men. It has been often said of him, that in any company he would be selected as "the noblest Roman of them all," which was literally true. His presence was noble without affection—there was nothing put on for effect. If instead of merely being the President of an educational Institution, he had been President of the United States, he would have presented a majestic and striking figure on some state occasion, receiving the diplomatic corps, the Justices of the Supreme Court and officers of the Army and Navy, and I have no doubt he would have ruled the destinies of the Nation with as much success as he did the Institution. He was a hard worker in the interest of deaf-mute education, and I think more is due to him than any other one man, in making the New York Institution the best known and most famous of its kind of any in America, if not the whole world.

Of Dr. Peet's three sons, Dudley, the youngest, studied medicine, but afterwards became a teacher. He was a tall, finely-formed young man, and seemed to have as good a prospect for a long life as any one, but his life was cut short in the flower of his manhood. Edwin Peet was about the height of his eldest brother, but he never seemed very strong. He was a patient, good hearted young man, popular with all who knew him and took great interest in the advancement of his pupils. He too soon followed his brother Dudley, leaving a small family behind him. Isaac Lewis Peet, the oldest of the brothers and the present Principal, was the strongest and most robust of the three. In my mind's eye, he seemed more robust then than he now is. He was, and is, a man of great natural force and energy. Taking up the work which his honored father laid down by reason of the infirmity of age, he has, by preserving intelligence and marvelous intuition improved upon and developed the methods of instructing deaf-mutes until it has become one of the arts and sciences, and has reached a very high stage of perfection. Take the case of James H. Caton, the deaf, dumb and blind mute, educated under his supervision. Young Caton can express his thoughts and ideas in writing, and on a type writer with an ease, fluency and correctness in choice of language, that needs to be seen to be believed. With a congenial companion, educated in the mute vernacular, Caton can converse by and read signs and the finger alphabet by the sense of touch faster than I, at least, can do it with my eyes, even when he and his chum are going at a fast walk. His case is only paralleled by that of the famous Laura Bridgman, and the two comprise the greatest educational wonders of the century. Dr. I. L. Peet is getting well along in years, but let us hope he may be spared for many years to come, and that he may be succeeded as Principal by one of his sons, as well equipped as his father and grandfather, to carry their art to a still higher and higher stage of perfection.

Of Mr. D. E. Bartlett, I remember him with respect as one of the really good and true men of the earth. He was tall, slim and bald headed. Although he was then long past middle age, he was as lithe, supple and graceful in all his movements, as a boy. As a sign-maker he was forcible and graphic. His trust in Providence was simple and childlike. In explaining the pathetic portions of scripture lessons, particularly the crucifixion of Christ, he could never do it without tears in his eyes. He was a gentleman of much erudition, and of kind, sympathetic and emotional temperament. We shall never see his like again.

Mr. O. W. Morris was a short, stocky, thickset man, of great firmness and decision, and an able educator, as was also Mr. Van Nostrand. Mr. Cary was quite an elderly man, and walked with a cane. I think he suffered with rheumatism or the gout. He was a very worthy gentleman, and an able instructor.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet was then one of the teachers, and wore a light brown, or cream colored sack coat, with broad turn-over lappels, so nice, smooth, and free from creases or wrinkles. About that time, and long subsequently, "Horace Greeley and his old white coat" had become a proverb. Dr. Gallaudet wore this particular coat so much of the time during my three years at school, that for many years afterwards, I never read of "Greeley and his old white coat" without thinking of Dr. Gallaudet and his peculiar coat as one and inseparable. No man living has done, or is doing more for the temporal and spiritual welfare of deaf-mutes than he. Soon after my time, he resigned as a teacher, and as Rector of St. Ann's, he began to hold afternoon service for deaf-mutes and extended his church work to various parts of the country, and finally established missions with lay readers, which reached nearly all over the United States. He is a highly educated Divine, and had he been as ambitious as a Beecher or a Talmage, he would have taken a high rank in the Church, and doubtless been in line for succession as Bishop of the Diocese of New York; but his choice was to do good among the poor, lowly and unfortunate of his race. Perhaps the most fortunate deaf-mute lady was a former belle of the Institution, Miss Elizabeth Budd, who became the Dr.'s wife, and now with her noble husband and an affectionate family of children, her life has been a contented and happy one. She is fond of innocent fun, and sometimes humorously refers to her husband as "My old man," whereas the good Dr. smiles appreciatingly at the witticism of his wife. Possibly no lady, either hearing or deaf, is more esteemed than she among her acquaintances, and they are legion.

Four of the teachers, in my time, were deaf-mutes Mr. Conklin and Mr. Spofford are dead. Mr. Benedict has long enjoyed a clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington. Mr. Gamage has but lately retired from the profession of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," and as he now has plenty of leisure, he is doubtless contemplating a tenth trip to Europe in the near future. While he shows some signs of old age, he is still lively and erect as an Indian, and retains all his old dignity.

Mrs. Harriet Stoner, the Matron, was a very smart woman. She was here, there and everywhere, looking after her duties with tireless energy, and for real kindness and sympathy she was almost as much of a mother to her large family as a mother could be.

Of the President, Professors and Teachers of that time, Dr. H. P. Peet, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Cary, Mr. Morris, Mr. Van Nostrand, Edward and Dudley Peet, Mr. Conklin, Mr. Spofford and Mr. Edmund B. Peet, the Steward, and Mrs. Stoner, the Matron, all have gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns. Mr. Wm. H. Weeks and Mrs. E. Bacon are at Hartford, Ct. Dr. I. L. Peet and Miss Jane T. Meigs are the only ones now remaining connected with the Institution, and of all others outside of the faculty, Mr. Shotwell, then as now, the Assistant-Prof. of Agriculture, alone remains.

Wonderful as has been the growth of the city, which is even now, like the giant arms of a monster octopus, closing in around the Fanwood Institution, equally wonderful has been the advance and improvement in the science of deaf-mute education. Where there was then but one deaf-mute Institution in the State, there are now eight or ten. And could that same fossil, the "old habitue" aforesaid, be induced to take an excursion on chartered steamboats and barges, or to attend one of the Grand Balls, gotten up exclusively by deaf-mute enterprise, and see the abbreviated swallow tail, full dress contingents from the Manhattan Literary Association and the Gallaudet Club, leading their wives and sweethearts through the giddy mazes of the dance with all the politeness, grace and finesse of the elegant beau monde, we may imagine him gazing on the animated scene with bulging eyes, exclaiming "My gracious! Who'd a thunk it!"

OLD BOY OF FIFTIETH ST.
BROOKLYN, Jan. 9, '85.

WEDDING BELLS.

The marriage of Wm. R. Sweeney, of Morrisania, to Miss S. H. McGrath, of Brooklyn, E. D., was solemnized on the 19th of July last. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. J. J. White, pastor of the 4th Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, E. D. None but the relatives and esteemed friends were present, who enjoyed the evening and the substantial wedding supper, and parted before the break of day. Among the floral decorations were a wedding bell and a horse shoe, and others which were very fine. The presents were numerous and some costly. The young and happy couple are at Brooklyn, E. D., still. There were no mutes present, except the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sweeney, which accounts for it not being published before.

Respectfully yours,
WM. BRADY.

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THIRD SEASON.
ANNUAL RECEPTION
OF THE
CATHOLIC LITERARY
BENEVOLENT UNION
OF DEAF MUTES,
AT
IRVING HALL
(15th St. and Irving Pl.)
Monday Evening, Feb. 9, 1885.
MUSIC BY PROF. RICH. E. SAUSE.
TICKETS, admitting gent. and ladies, 50 Cents.
DOORS OPEN AT 8 30. DANCING COMMENCES AT 10 P.M. SHARP

To be had of any of the members, or at the door on the evening of the Reception.

The Committee reserve the right to refuse admittance to objectionable persons.

It is expected this will eclipse all previous affairs held by the Union.

The music, under the leadership of Prof. Sause, is already too well-known to need further comment.

Everything will be done for the comfort of our guests, so that all who may attend may look forward to a most enjoyable evening.

Supper can be had at the numerous restaurants in the vicinity of the Hall at prices to suit yourself.

Special arrangements have been made with the "Prospect," McMahon's and Stewart's Oyster Parlors, where guests will receive special attention.

In conclusion, the committee extend a most cordial welcome to all.

COMMITTEE.
J. P. DONOHUE, *Chairman.*
J. H. LEONARD, J. D. SHELTON.
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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER *a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.*

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle's Building, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: William G. Pownall, President; W. A. Bond, First Vice President; Charles E. Green, Second Vice President; Henry Stengele, Secretary; Henry L. Juhring, Treasurer; Jacob Swartz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 397 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Secretary, Martin Aronsohn. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to W. J. Reilly, Corresponding Secretary, 174 Cherry Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Ardine Rembeck, President, and Otis Vance, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 201 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. George Slifer is President, and Abraham L. Manning Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1022 Sarah St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary. Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, Mass., is the missionary appointed by this mission to preach the Gospel to deaf-mutes in this State for the present.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Geo. T. Dougherty; Vice President, Chas. Angle; Secretary, C. Colby; Treasurer, Champ L. Buchan. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

PHILADELPHIA CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION.

The Catholic Literary Union of Deaf-Mutes meets every Tuesday evening at 8 P.M., in the large Philopatrian Hall, which is situated in 12th St., below Walnut St., front second floor. Last Tuesday in every month for business meetings only. Strangers in town are cordially invited. Thomas Breen is President, and Edward Carr is Secretary, and the latter's address is 1131 East Somerset Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings at 823 Washington Avenue. Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room, well equipped with dailies and illustrated weeklies at the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancement of St. Louis gentlemen and ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, W. T. Campbell; Vice-President, J. T. Bowe; Treasurer, James C. McQuown; Secretary, Wm. Stafford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Secretary's address, 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to interest all friend of humanity and christianity in their behalf. To assist in giving extra services to such local union societies who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, President; James P. Burbank, Secretary, and John T. Tillinghast, Treasurer, Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Fred Hoffman, 124 East 4th Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by John T. Tillinghast, New Bedford, Mass., President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; J. E. Livingston, New Hampshire; Robert D. Livingstone, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. Meacham, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Walter McDougal; 2d Vice-President, Thomas R. Stewart; Treasurer, William Ersinger; Cueral Secretary, John Ward, Jr. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, John Ward, Jr., 388 Market St., Newark, N. J.

THE PEABODY LITERARY CLUB, OF BALTIMORE.

The Peabody Literary Club meets every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock, in the Young Men's Christian Association building, corner Charles and Saratoga Streets, Baltimore. The officers of the club for the current half year are; William McElroy, President; James O. Amos, Vice-President; Henry J. Gill, Secretary; James Mooney, Treasurer; Adolph Knoechel, Seargeant-at-arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at 356 Madison Avenue, Baltimore.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is a an unsectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services, excepting the last Sabbath of each month, when it holds a service in Beverly for the convenience of those who can not go to Salem. It also holds a Bible class at its rooms every Sunday eve, under the leadership of its Pastor, and also Friday evening for a prayer and conference meeting. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, W. Bailey, and S. F. Southwick, Board of Directors; L. A. Smith. W. K. Bigelow. and W. C. Packard, Trustees.

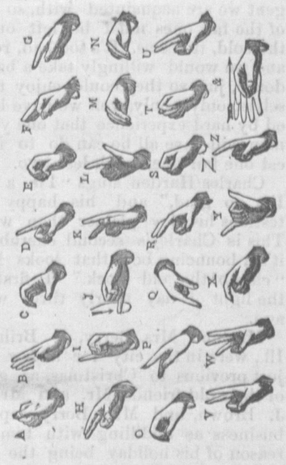
THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Samuel H. Kee, Vice-President and promoted Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and Hiram B. B. Brown, Seargeant-at-Arms. It also holds a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is Marshall Infirmary, Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

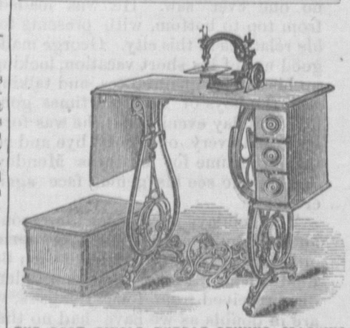
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